

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EVIE GREENE ("THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC") IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Nov. 2.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, novelist, essayist, poet, dramatist, and lecturer, has lately been taking upon himself the additional cares and worries of a theatrical manager. The Corn Exchange, Wallingford, was the scene of his desperate endeavour. In this out-of-the-way little town, the distinguished writer produced, one afternoon last month, a comedy by himself entitled "Merely Mary Ann," founded on his story of the same name. Alas! despite the fact that Mr. Zangwill played the part of Herr Brahmsen, and that he was assisted by no less an actor than Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the comedy ran for one afternoon only. However, it is to be produced to-night in America, and, when "Mary Ann" comes to London, Mr. Charles Frohman may be able to show Mr. Zangwill that it is one thing to write a comedy, another thing to produce it. For further particulars of the Wallingford disaster I may refer you to page 101 of this issue. In the meantime, I must congratulate Mr. Zangwill very heartily on his forthcoming marriage. The life of a famous litterateur and reformer must necessarily be full of responsibilities, but Mr. Zangwill goes on his way undaunted. At any rate, if one may judge from the picture on the opposite page, that would seem to be the opinion of the artist.

"Press Unanimous" notwithstanding, I must beg leave to say that "The Orchid," the new musical comedy at the new Gaiety, is very far from being up to the standard of the old Gaiety pieces. With the exception of four numbers, the music is quite commonplace; the story, to me, is a mere muddle; the lyrics, as a rule, are feeble and witless. In addition to these serious defects, there is a comedian made-up as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who employs a lady secretary with a talent for high kicking and a passion for short skirts. Yet there are good points, too, about this latest production of Mr. George Edwardes. The scenery, for example, is gorgeous; the dresses are magnificent; the lighting is brilliant; the wigs are wonderfully natural; the floral decorations are delicious; the properties are veritable properties. You see, I, too, can do it when I like. As for the acting, it is a pleasure to be able to say, quite sincerely, that Miss Gertie Millar is excellent, and Mr. Edmund Payne as funny as ever. What would have happened to the piece on the first-night had these two artists been absent, I tremble to imagine.

"But how about Connie Ediss?" asks the reader. Poor Connie Ediss! Why cannot those clever people that Mr. Edwardes employs—and some of them really are clever people—write a song for this humorous lady that contains no reference to bathing-dresses that shrink? You remember, of course,

That flannel stuff, I'm thinking,
Has a nasty way of shrinking—

and, if I am not mistaken, there have been others of the same kind. In "The Orchid," Miss Ediss has to harp, once more, on the same string—

I'd a bathing-dress of flannel,
And the folks that sold it said
I could swim across the Channel
And it wouldn't turn a thread—

and so forth. Come, come, Mr. Adrian Ross! This is not up to your other lyrics in "The Orchid," to say nothing of those neat verses that you were wont to write for the old Gaiety. A word of congratulation, by the way, to "Leslie Mayne," writer of the "Little Mary" lyric. This is by far the best number in the piece, and nobody could sing it more daintily than Miss Gertie Millar.

Breathes there a man with lungs so fragile that he is unable to appreciate the cosy homeliness of a London fog? One hardly likes to think it, and yet I find the *Magazine of Commerce* urging us to put a stop to the visits of this old, well-proven friend. "If Welsh anthracite coal were universally used in London," says the brutal writer, "the result, in all probability, would be—owing to its absolute smokelessness during combustion—that our famous London fogs would become things of the past, matters merely of"—hold your breath!—"derisive comment among our posterity." Derisive comment, you see. Why, the very name, Fog, is hallowed by countless memories of accidental meetings, romantic wanderings, shy flirtations, hurried kisses, all leading up, of course, to happy marriages. Many a beaming mother of ten, I warrant, owes her devoted husband to a pea-soup fog. Many a shy bride of this November, I dare swear, met her dashing, handsome bridegroom, just a twelvemonth ago, whilst she was laboriously finding her way home on her hands and knees. Love in a fog: it is as old, and as romantic, and as picturesquely grimy as London itself. Away with your talk of Welsh anthracite coal! You might as well rob us of our wayward April as of our foggy November.

"Would-be Scribe" writes to me on the subject of the necessary qualifications for a journalist. "Will you kindly advise me," says he, "what particular branch of study to undertake, and in what course to proceed to ensure success?" To tell the truth, I am rather at a loss for an answer. Honesty urges me to inform my correspondent that the main qualifications for success in journalism are pluck and luck. *Esprit-de-corps*, however, and a large acquaintance with gentlemen of the Press lead me to assure "Would-be Scribe" that a sound knowledge of Latin and Greek is indispensable; that he should be able to converse fluently in French, German, and Italian; that he should be thoroughly conversant with the works of the best authors; that he must be prepared to give an expert opinion on any question of national or international policy; that he must be ready to prove himself an enthusiastic student of the Fine Arts. So much for his education. As regards his private character, I would urge upon him to cultivate all the virtues of the twentieth century, being more particularly insistent upon sobriety, charity, meekness, patience, contentment, and loyalty. In appearance, of course, he must be smart and gentlemanly; he must belong to two or three leading Clubs; he must have a nodding acquaintance with at least one Cabinet Minister. For the rest, it would be as well to acquire the trick of writing in shorthand.

"Would-be Scribe," I expect, will look rueful at that, and ask himself whether, after all, the game is worth the candle. As a rule, I may tell him, it isn't, and yet I know of one journalist, at least, whose lot might be envied of Princes. He is the sort of journalist known, technically, as a free-lance; that is to say, dear "Would-be Scribe," he is attached to no journal in particular, but sips golden sweetnesses from them all, flitting to and fro among the fair flowers of Fleet Street just as his butterfly fancy takes him. His home is in the Temple—a snug little kingdom up four pairs of stairs. In the summer, his windows are shaded by the green leaves of a tree (I forget the exact kind); in the winter, when the tree is bare of leaves, he looks out upon the slow-flowing, paternal Thames. No man may call him servant; he is free to work when he pleases, to play when he pleases. Congenial society is always at his command, for men love to smoke with him, women love to drink tea with him, and there is a charm in the atmosphere of the little kingdom that infects them all. . . . Well, "Would-be Scribe," how do you like my picture? There is another picture, by the way, that I could draw for you; but not on this fair page.

"HAS FOLLOWED THE EXAMPLE SET TO HIM BY ALL THE MEMBERS OF HIS OWN
'BACHELOR'S CLUB.'"—See Page 101.



A CONGRATULATORY CARICATURE OF MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

BY SCOTSON CLARK.

THE CLUBMAN.

The East in London—Conspirators and Mahatmas—Koot Hoomi.

A MAHATMA and a murder are strange reminders that the Near East and the Far throw out feelers towards London. Two little knots of Armenian patriots in a prosaic Cockney suburb, the members of which, safe from the unspeakable Turk, yet go in fear of their lives from their brother patriots of a slightly different shade of patriotism, and go armed to the teeth owing to a vendetta caused by the disputed possession of the key to a patriotic safe, would supply a librettist with a plot for comic opera were it not that the comedy has merged into tragedy.

A few years ago, I sometimes dined in the cheap restaurants of Soho with a man who knew the conspirators of London better than any detective and who was on friendly terms with most of the political gentlemen of foreign extraction who would cease to live if they returned to their native shores. What chiefly astonished me in looking at and talking to the men who tried to upset Kings and kingdoms was the mildness of their manners and their gentle appearance. If I had not known my guide, philosopher, and friend to be incapable of practical joking, I should have thought that the shabby, long-haired persons, who scarcely raised their eyes from their plates as they ate their macaroni, or their fillet of what, probably, was horse, were watch-makers out of work, unsuccessful waiters, or needy organ-grinders, not people who probably had a snug little store of bombs in a garret hard by and who encouraged their friends to stick daggers into Kings and Emperors.

Foreign conspirators are, unfortunately, very much at home in London, which has become the dumping-ground for Anarchists of all nationalities and a refuge for every man who thinks that Sovereigns are unnecessary luxuries; but a real Mahatma in our midst is quite a new departure. A man who, as Buddha did, has sat in contemplation for many years under a sacred tree, who cares nothing for food or drink or riches, but wishes for knowledge that he may instruct his disciples, is in such violent contrast to this nervous, express-rate, money-grabbing age that he would be noticeable even if he were not able to perform those feats which travellers write of but which scientific men very rarely are given a chance of testing.

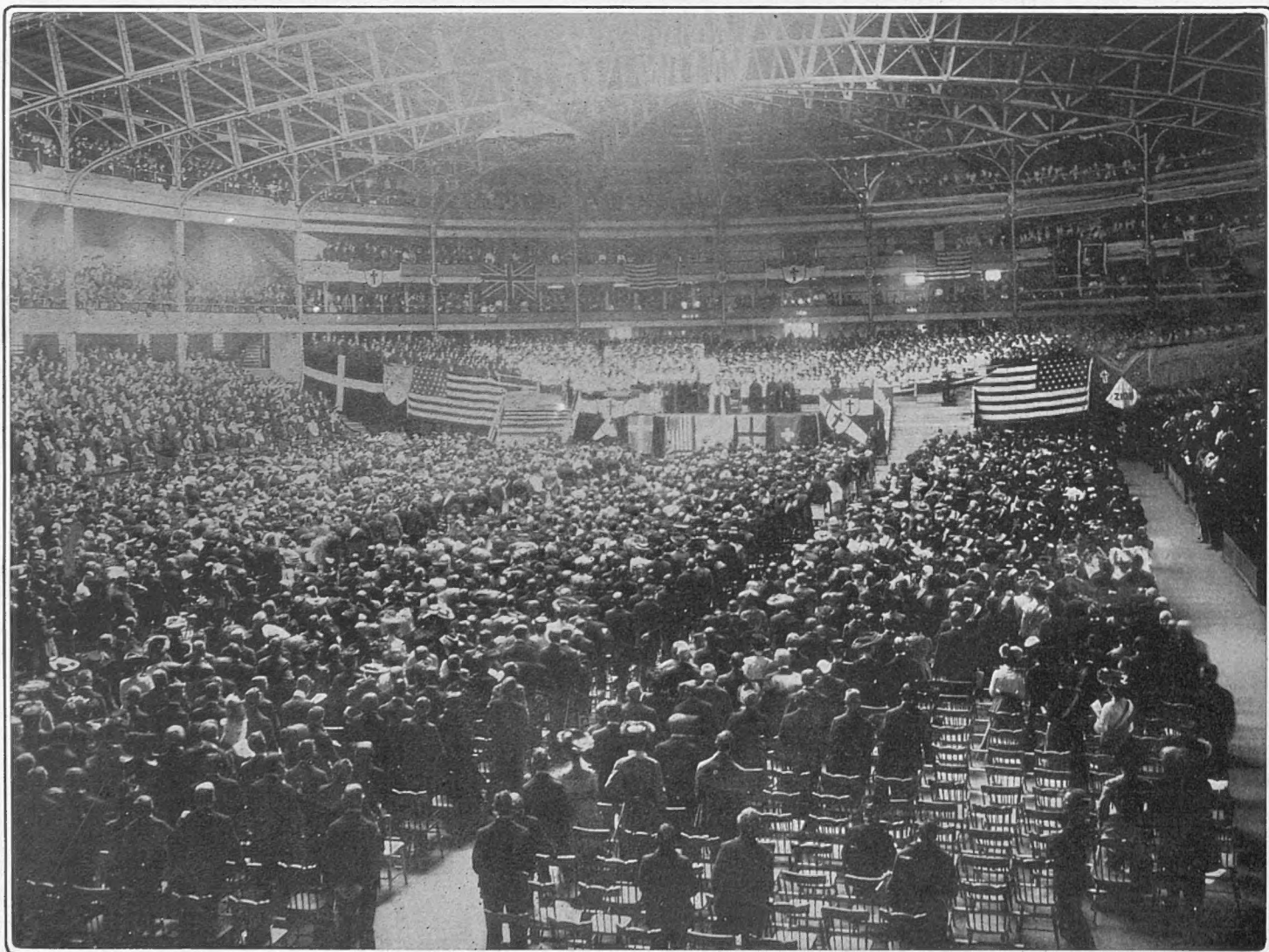
The quiet gentleman of a copper complexion, whose turban is the badge of the East and who is spending his days at present chatting to

Oxford Professors, is able to stop the beating of his heart at will and to become dead for a time. Where his astral body is during this period I do not think he tells his acquaintances, but this real thing in our midst brings us into very close touch with Koot Hoomi and that Thibetan brotherhood which Madame Blavatsky danced before the eyes of the gulls for whom she fashioned a new belief culled haphazard from translations of the Brahminic and Buddhistic books.

I used to know in India the man who told Madame Blavatsky of the existence of the Thibetan Koot Hoomi, a most interesting man, whom Kipling, I am sure, had before his eyes when he wrote "Kim" and who is undoubtedly the hero of "Mr. Isaacs." He has an absolute belief in the presence of spirits who communicate with him, and he uses such knowledge as the spirits bring him for the benefit of his acquaintances and friends. The spirit-messages generally, so far as I heard, took the form of warnings, and, as everyone who lives in the East becomes, to a certain extent, superstitious, there were, and are, very few men in India who would start on a journey or commence any undertaking on any particular day when warned against doing so by Koot Hoomi's mouthpiece.

Madame Blavatsky I did not see in India; but I was in the Far East when Mrs. Besant preached to the natives that their old religions are the best ones for the children of the sun. I heard her talk once in the public garden of Bareilly native city to an assemblage of "baboo" and clerks, pleaders and minor Government officials, men who pride themselves on having seen the uselessness of the old religions, and who consider themselves far too advanced to accept Christianity, and there was something very strange in the earnest white woman standing in the glow of the sunset appealing to the modern Indian to revert to the creeds of his forefathers.

The attack on New York by Dr. Dowie and his "Host" seems to have ended in something like a fizzle. The earlier meetings in Madison Square Gardens drew enormous crowds anxious to listen to the voice of the "Prophet," but his curious language and violent denunciations annoyed peaceful citizens who had brought their wives with them. Indeed, it is said that, not only has the visit been a financial failure, but not one convert has been added to the ranks of the Zion City zealots. New York has apparently reaped a greater harvest from the "Prophet" and his followers than they have gained from their campaign, since the expenses of the militant Doctor and his army were on an enormous scale, while the collections taken up at the meetings were correspondingly small.



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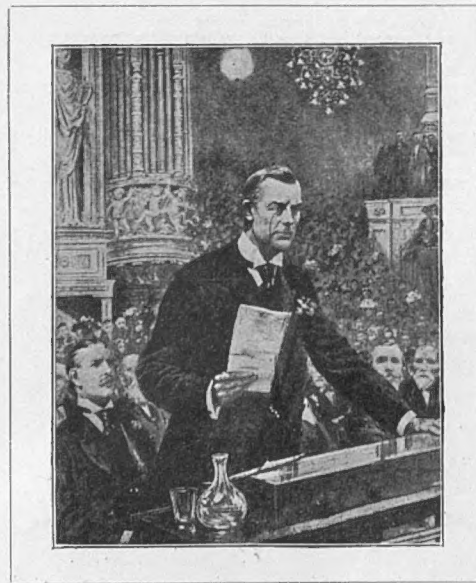


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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING'S abounding energy is turning him into almost as inveterate a first-nighter as his venerable Field-Marshal, Sir Frederick Haines. His Majesty went to the first-night of "The Duchess of Dantzic" at the Lyric, to the second-night of "Little Mary" at Wyndham's Theatre, and, accompanied by the Queen, to the first-night of "The Orchid" at the new and splendid Gaiety. As Prince of Wales, the King seldom went to

first-nights, preferring to hear about the pieces from his friends, and generally going, if he decided to go at all, about the second week of the run. Although Royalty never pays anything extra for its box or stall, but just the ordinary library price, Royal patronage, and especially that of the King and Queen, is worth much to every production, whether it be Adelphi melodrama or Mr. Daniel Leno "on his own." For His Majesty has an appreciative mind and talks with enthusiasm about every performance that pleases him. Probably this new first-night habit will increase the King's kindly desire to bring success to managers who deserve it. Neither as the Prince of Wales nor since his accession has the King ever willingly kept an audience waiting for the curtain to rise. On the other hand, he always stays till the curtain's fall, except in the few theatres which have no private entrance, and then he good-naturedly effects his departure a minute or two before the general exodus, so as not to interrupt it.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew.

Among West Country hostesses not one is more popular and more respected than General Pole-Carew's young wife. It may be doubted whether any soldier's bride received a more hearty welcome from her husband's friends and neighbours than did the daughter of Lord and Lady Ormonde, and great were the rejoicings in the neighbourhood of Antony when a baby son and heir was born to its owners. Lady Beatrice is one of a charming group of cousins which includes the sisters of the Duke of Westminster, the daughter of Lord and Lady Chesham, and the baby children of the Duchess of Teck. Before her marriage she was her sister Lady Constance Butler's inseparable companion, and the two were among the prettiest girls adorning Lord and Lady Cadogan's Viceregal Court in Dublin.

A Royal Betrothal. When Queen Margherita of Italy made her recent voyage to Scandinavia, she stayed for some time with the Danish Royal Family at the Castle of Fredensborg and was treated as a very honoured guest. It is now known that the object of her visit was to arrange a marriage between the Princess Thyra, daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and one of the Princes of the House of Savoy. The matter is being discussed at Rome in Court circles, but so well has the Queen kept her own counsel that it is not known which of the Princes is to be the bridegroom. However, it is either the Duke of the Abruzzi, the Arctic explorer, or the Count of Turin.

M. Paderewski's Fortune.

It was lately reported in some of the London papers that M. Paderewski had lost all his fortune, two and a-half millions of francs, in speculations. Happily, this is not quite exact. M. Paderewski some years ago bought a large

property at Kesnia, in Galicia, which has cost him a good deal of money to keep up, and, in consequence, he has been obliged to sell the property. But all admirers of the great pianist will be glad to hear that the loss is not so great as was at first supposed.

"Gallant Little Wales."

Mr. David Lloyd-George, who is pretty sure to represent Wales in the next Liberal Cabinet, is only forty. By sheer ability, perseverance, and natural eloquence, he has achieved a remarkable position in politics. He is a Carnarvon solicitor, and his firm have had a great deal to do with the "passive resistance" movement against the Education Act; indeed, if the Government were to act on Lord Lindley's recent hint and indict the leaders of that movement for criminal conspiracy, the member for Carnarvon Boroughs would not be at all sorry to suffer imprisonment for the cause.

The Animals' Champion.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge, the animals' champion, is, physically, very like his brother, Lord Coleridge, who recently had the satisfaction of giving the cruel Mrs. Day six months' "hard." Rather tall, thin, and ascetic-looking, with a face lighted up by the fire of eager, passionate enthusiasm, such is the silver-tongued Lord Chief Justice's second son. The battle against vivisection, in the van of which he is ever fighting, brings him most before the public, and he is ever ready to



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW AND HER SON.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

break a lance in the newspapers even with the most eminent physiologists. For the rest, he is an artist of some note and has exhibited in Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, and also an author in a modest way; but it may be suspected that he draws more revenue

often be seen in company with his friend Mr. Balfour, who shares his taste in this particular direction, at the best concerts given during the season.

A Lovely Future Queen.

The prettiest of King Edward's many pretty nieces is undoubtedly the Crown Princess of Roumania. As Princess Marie of Edinburgh, she spent her childhood and early girlhood in this country, and she has remained very English in her affections and tastes. Few future Queens are more beloved in the country of their adoption, but, though only seventeen when she became a wife, the Princess showed infinite tact in winning the affections of the Roumanian people. She often wears the becoming national dress, and her pretty little children are taught to speak the quaint Roumanian language as soon as it is possible. During Coronation Year, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess spent many weeks in London, the Princess being the belle of all the great functions held in



MISS FLORENCE LISTER-KAYE, NIECE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

her grandmother, the Dowager Duchess, who, as Miss Hope of "The Deepdene," was one of the handsomest heiresses of her day.

A Fair Princess. The Princess Batthyany bears one of the proudest of Austrian titles, and her distinguished husband, who is, by the way, some fifty years older than herself, is chief of a family which traces its rise to the days when the Huns ruled Europe. The

Princess, who is said to bear a striking resemblance to the Crown Princess of Roumania, is mistress of a splendid castle famed for its sporting amenities, and of a town palace in Vienna. There she often entertains English friends, of whom she and the Prince have many.

A Versatile Politician.

Mr. Morley will be sixty-five in December. He was at Lincoln under Mark Pattison, but Oxford never profoundly influenced him. In 1886 he walked from the editor's chair of the *Pall Mall Gazette* straight into the Cabinet as Chief Secretary for Ireland. His unique position, both in politics and in literature, was demonstrated when the King included him among the select number of recipients of the new Order of Merit. Indeed, he was the only active politician on whom this high honour was conferred. Mr. Morley has a pretty fair library at his house in Elm Park Gardens, but he was for a time the owner of a much more remarkable collection, namely, that which the late Lord Acton brought together to illustrate the history of Liberty. This was bought by Mr. Carnegie and presented to Mr. Morley, who decided to present it in his turn to the University of Cambridge. Mr. Morley is very fond of music, and may



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, A NIECE OF KING EDWARD.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

honour of her uncle's crowning. Indeed, she was said to be the loveliest of the Royal ladies present in the Abbey.

"Young Mr. Herbert."

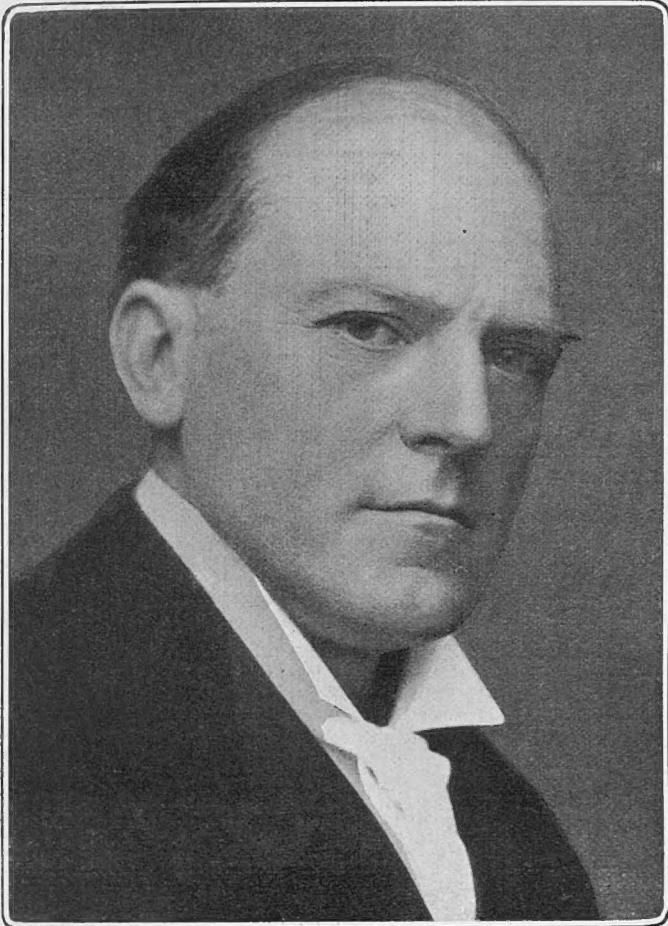
It is odd that some men, like Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Winston Churchill, score by being the sons of their fathers, while others, such as Mr. Herbert Gladstone, are rather unfairly overshadowed by their fathers' eminence. It seems only a little while ago that Mr. Harry Furniss was giving us in *Punch* "Young Mr. Herbert" in every conceivable variety of juvenile costume, a piquant contrast to the immense paternal collars. But young Mr. Herbert—he will be fifty next year, by the way—is really an able man and will certainly be in the next Liberal Cabinet. As becomes a man who was born at 12, Downing Street, he took naturally to politics. After he had lectured on history at Oxford for three years, there came the tremendous Liberal wave of 1880, and he proceeded to help his father to make history. A Lordship of the Treasury soon followed, then the Financial Secretaryship of the War Office, the Under-Secretaryship of the Home Office, and, last but not least, the First Commissionership of Works in the short-lived Rosebery Government. When the late Mr. Tom Ellis died, universally lamented, Mr. Gladstone was persuaded by the Party chiefs to take over the thankless duties of Chief Whip, and it is generally agreed that he has done admirably in the post. He is President of the National Physical Recreation Society, and delights in golf, cricket, football, shooting, fishing, yachting, and cycling.



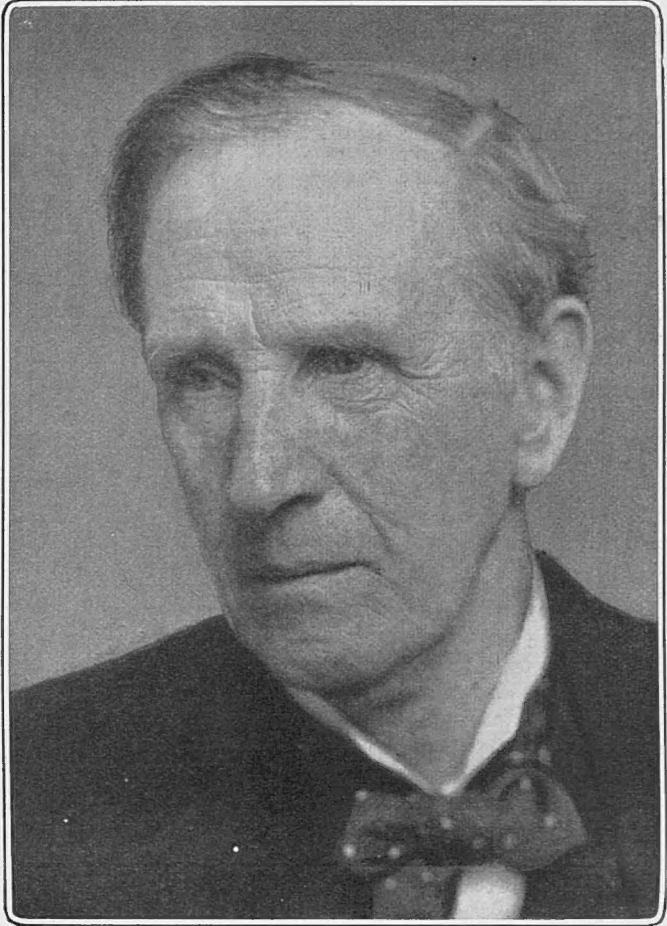
PRINCESS BATTYANY, WHO IS SAID TO BEAR A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

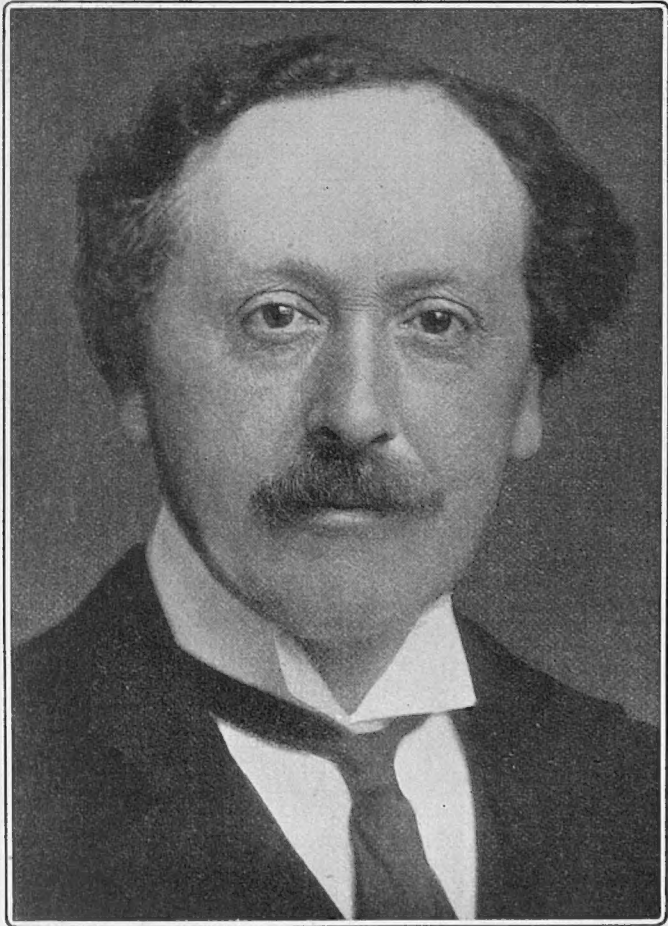
ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: SOME MEN OF MARK.



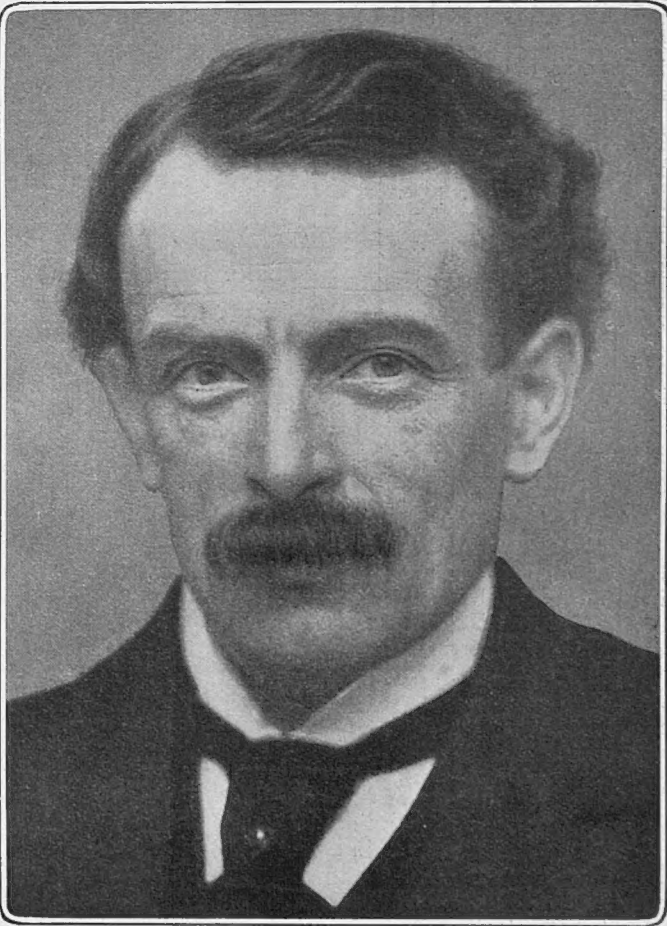
THE HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. HON. SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P., AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF GLADSTONE."
(See Page 92.)



THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P., CHIEF WHIP OF THE OPPOSITION.



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., THE CHAMPION OF THE "PASSIVE RESISTERS."

Photographs by Beresford.

The King and Mr. Keir Hardie.

In sending a sympathetic message to Mr. Keir Hardie, who has undergone an operation for appendicitis, the King has shown magnanimity. Mr. Keir Hardie irritated the House of Commons by the disrespectful manner in which he spoke of the Royal Family at the time that the new Civil List was before the House. He saw, he said, no uses for a reigning family. King Edward was, no doubt, aware of Mr. Keir Hardie's language, but it has not checked the flow of his sympathy.

Mr. Lecky as Parliamentarian.

There was surprise when Mr. Lecky, the historian and philosopher, issued a volume of poems. Still greater was the surprise when he entered Parliament. His great reputation secured for him a hearing, and that hearing he maintained by his modesty and by the matter of his speeches. His ideas were fresh and were clothed in rich English; and, although he represented Dublin University, he delighted the Nationalists on several important occasions by his sentimental support. In manner, however, Mr. Lecky was one of the worst speakers. With a melancholy air and in a sing-song voice he poured forth his instructive sentences at a tremendous rate, and sometimes he spoke so low that only the members near him heard what he said. Yet he was held in universal respect, and the House seemed poorer and less interesting when it lost the great man of letters whose death is now deplored.

"Lord George."

Our great men are misunderstood. Lord George Hamilton, who was often taunted with undue fondness for office, has just told his constituents at Ealing that he had several times suggested his own retirement to the Prime Minister. His speech in defence of Free Trade was very clever, and although he is one of the oldest and most experienced of Parliamentarians, he looked, when he stood on the platform, as if he might live to serve in other Governments after the fiscal question has been settled. Lord George's elder brother, Lord Claud Hamilton, is Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway Company and is a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Their nephew, the Marquis of Hamilton, has just joined the Government.

Politicians and their Wives.

"Who is his wife?" is a familiar question in connection with politicians. Some persons who have been amazed by Mr. Victor Cavendish's adherence to a Government from which his uncle has withdrawn and who seek personal motives for all actions have overlooked the fact that he is married to a daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne. It is interesting to note that the Earl of Home's son, Lord Dunglass, who has withdrawn from the Unionist candidature in Berwickshire, is married to a daughter of Mr. F. W. Lambton, M.P., one of the most resolute of the Free Traders. A dissentient Conservative in Herts, the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, is not only the son of Lord Knutsford, who was Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's second Administration, but is also the son-in-law of Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

A Popular Couple.

A popular couple have now become intimately associated with the present Government; that is, Captain (or Mr., as he prefers to be called) and Lady Beatrice Pretyma. Lady Beatrice, who is a sister of Lady Dalkeith, often entertains the smartest and most exclusive of shooting-parties at Orwell Park, where, indeed,

the Duke of Cambridge has been an annual visitor for many years past. Mr. Pretyma is thought to be by some people among the very cleverest of the Young Tory Party. His first great speech in the House of Commons was made in the form of a brilliant attack on Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties Bill. Some of his friends credit him with the ambition of being, in due course, Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a curious fact, and one not generally known about him, that his great-grandfather tutored William Pitt. Lady Beatrice Pretyma, though very fond of outdoor life and sport—she often goes out with the guns at Orwell Park—is also a keen politician and much interested in contemporary literature. She is the proud and devoted mother of a group of beautiful children.

Joseph Jingles.

That accomplished man of the World, Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott, who has long been arrayed with the Free Traders in Verse, seems to have extended his settled convictions to the question of the National Food Supply. Many of his recent pieces are now set forth under the title of "The Joseph Jingle Book" (Drane), written without bitterness yet with much excellent point. "M. T. P." of Univ., being, like many another popular troubadour, required to turn the organ weekly, cannot always be at his best, like the more leisured academic Godley of Magdalen, but his average is high. Perhaps the best in the present collection is "Joseph Brum de Brum," from which I take the liberty of quoting these stanzas—

Trust me, Joseph Brum de Brum,
From vonder book-shelves badly bent
The worthy Adam Smith his book
Smiles at your words in Parliament.

Joseph, Joseph Brum de Brum,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no empty Army Corps
Or any foes in foreign lands?
Oh, teach dear Mr. Gerald trade,
Teach Brodick things he ought to know,
Deal gently with the Cobden Club,
And let this wearing subject go.

A shilling will be well spent on "Medium Tem-Plum's" brochure.

An American Romance.

Forty-one years ago, when General Grant was driving the Confederate forces before him in the American Civil War, the advance of the victorious Northerners was stayed by a small body of Southerners, who contested every foot of the ground and prevented the retreat from becoming a rout. Grant, watching the brave and desperate retreat, asked who was in command of the enemy, and was told that it was a Tennessee Colonel named Wright. The years went on, and when Grant was American President his daughter, Nellie, married an Englishman, named Sartoris, and had a daughter, named Rosemary. Wright, who became a Confederate General, had a son, who was educated as a soldier and is now a lieutenant in the United States Army. Lieutenant Wright has been serving in the Philippines, and lately returned home, where he became engaged to Miss Sartoris, the grand-daughter of the man whose advance his father so bravely stayed forty-one years ago.

Popocatepetl.

A hotel has been built near the summit of the Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, and people are to be taken to the top by a funicular railway lighted with electric-light. The sulphur-baths, which hitherto seem to have been used chiefly for hatching out eggs, will now be made use of medicinally, and the volcano will be turned into a health-resort which, it is expected, will attract invalids from all the nations of Europe and America.



THE LEAMY TROUPE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME:
THE GREAT DIVE FROM THE ROOF.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



Letty Shell (Miss Irene Vanbrugh).

"LETTY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The concluding scene of the play. Letchmere goes away, leaving Letty to live out her married life of average happiness.

character disturbs the course of Sudermann's even more of a misogynist than Sudermann, for he gives us the spectacle of seventeen male characters acting without thought of woman. But the sensation of the season thus far has been "Salome." It is magnificently staged and magnificently acted and attracts nightly crowded audiences. "A Woman of No Importance," which has likewise been translated, is still exciting the enthusiastic praises both of the public and of the critics. Numerous essays are published in the weekly and monthly reviews on the dead author. The translators and theatrical managers appear to be reaping a golden harvest. It seems a pity that the sons of the dramatist, who are generally supposed to be living in straitened financial circumstances, cannot be made acquainted with the success of the plays in Germany. I understand that they have the right to claim a considerable sum in royalties.

Meeting of the Emperors.

The meeting between the Emperor William and the Czar is believed in Germany to

signify the maintenance of peace in the Far East. The apprehensions of the yellow race, to which the German Emperor once lent pictorial expression, have by no means subsided with the march of time. A war between Russia and Japan, His Majesty is said to believe, would result in a renewed outbreak of Chinese fanaticism and the assassination of hundreds of "foreign devils."

The theatrical season is now in full swing (writes our Berlin Correspondent). No less than three new productions were witnessed last week in this city alone. They included a military drama from the pen of Franz Beyerlein, whose novel "Jena or Sedan?" is the literary sensation of the year; a characteristic play by Gerhardt Hauptmann, and a scenic success invented by Paul Lendau. Hermann Sudermann's "Der Sturmeselle Sokrates," despite much adverse criticism, is also having an excellent run. Both Sudermann's and Beyerlein's productions, curiously enough, are "dramas without heroines," the action being innocent of love episodes. With the exception of a waitress, not a single female comedy. Beyerlein is

The monument erected in Münster this week to Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister whose murder was the signal for the attack on the Embassies in 1900, has served as a timely reminder of the terrible forms such an outbreak might assume. With the forces of Russia and Japan engaged in deadly conflict, the task of suppressing eventual outbreaks in China would fall to the other Powers.

The Business Side of Matrimony.

Germany is a centre of the matrimonial advertisement trade. It is extraordinary how many people appear to choose their partners in life through the medium of an advertisement. Matrimonial agents seek out the addresses of bachelors and spinsters and send them their schedule of offers. Even the makers of directories are now coming to the aid of the business. At Metz a directory has just been published dividing the inhabitants into unmarried, married, widows, and widowers.

The German Manœuvres.

The approaching German Imperial Manœuvres will be held in Alsace, between Sarrebourg and Sarre-Union, and the Emperor will take up his quarters in Bonne Fontaine, a country-house belonging to M. E. de Schlumberger, in the centre of the famous base of operations between Strasburg and Metz. The German Imperial Manœuvres usually require four Army Corps, and so the 14th, 15th, and 16th Prussian Army Corps and the 2nd Bavarian Corps will be manœuvred within thirty miles of the French frontier and about fifty miles from Nancy. The choice of the ground may, perhaps, have been dictated by the fact that there have recently been cases of mutiny among the recruits from Alsace and Lorraine, and, not long ago, fifty Lorrainers who were selected for the Imperial Guard seriously injured the sergeant who was told off to take them to Berlin.

Indiarubber Floors.

It is odd that, of all the many coverings which have been used for floors, indiarubber should have been the last to be tried. It has every quality, for it is very lasting, clean, not easy to slip on, and very springy to the tread. Of course, it costs a good deal to lay down, but,



Coppinger Drake Mrs. Ivor Crosbie Nevill Letchmere
(Mr. Dorrington Grimston). (Miss Sarah Brooke). (Mr. H. B. Irving).

"LETTY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: THE RESTAURANT SCENE.

as it will wear almost for ever, the initial expense is soon overtaken. In public buildings it will be an admirable floor-covering, and even under a carpet it will be most comfortable to walk upon and will greatly add to the life of a carpet. Indiarubber has so many advantages that it is surprising it has not come into general use long since.



Letty Shell Marion Allardyce Hilda Gunning Ordish
(Miss Irene Vanbrugh). (Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson). (Miss Nancy Price). (Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw).

"LETTY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S SALON (EPILOGUE).

Hilda Gunning displays her ill-gotten furs and jewels before the virtuous companions of her youth.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. It was a lady, was it not, who made the unlady-like reply that she would "feed the brute," to somebody who asked how an ill-tempered husband should be kept in good order? This saying has been taken thoroughly to heart by Mademoiselle Paris this week, for she has been feeding some representatives of England's and her own commercial greatness till they can feed no more, and everybody at dessert declared that the *entente*—the famous *entente cordiale*—had benefited. It did with me—upon the evening of the dinner. But on the next day I had severe indigestion, and was cross, and I am wondering now whether it is quite wise to give people who are *entente-cordially* inclined hundred-franc dinners. If the result of this week's feasting should be fatal to the tempers of two nations, and if Protection—but this is not, perhaps, the place for politics. We're here to gossip.

The Midinettes' march to Nanterre sent Paris so excitedly to see them that everybody forgot the other walking contest, that of the Singers of Montmartre, who marched to Suresnes—a shorter stroll, for many of the warblers are somewhat fat and all are scant of breath—composing as they went a song on the effects of corns upon song-composition. I take it, very few of the competitors had corns, though some of the songs they brought home with them to the Cabaret des Quatz-Arts halted considerably and had the oddest feet in my experience. But art is free and life is merry, while nothing is long except hair out on the Boulevard de Clichy, and if a verse or two did sound as though they had been cut off in their prime, nobody minded. We crowded into the wee cabaret and heard the singers sing them till every man among us felt imaginary corns upon each toe in his possession, and ere we left the plump and genial Trombert treated us to a great surprise.

The winning Midinettes came in and sang the song composed by M. de Lafourchardière, the winning chansonnier, whereat the applause was great, and an impromptu programme followed which kept the electric-lights going upon the Boulevard de Clichy till the sunless morning greyed them, and—for Montmartre folk know how to make right merry—the noise kept even the policeman in the corner of the cabaret, whom a paternal Censorship keeps everywhere where songs are sung in this free France of ours, as wide awake as is the Censorship itself. But then, as the singer of one of the songs remarked, the microbe of the sleeping sickness has been found, so night-telephonists and others of the State officials will have to earn their salaries pretty soon.

It seems a pity that no attempt has been made to introduce Montmartre to the better part of London. I mean, to that part of London society which speaks good French, and, even if the accent be imperfect, understands our neighbours' sprightly tongue. The entertainment given in the Quatz-Arts and in other places of a similar description is almost as good as were the wondrous shows in the now defunct Chat Noir.

I hear that the French Government has serious intentions of building a palace exclusively for the reception of Royal visitors to Paris, now that the fashion has set in which brings them here. The site has been selected—it is near the Eiffel Tower—and, as the ground on which the new Palais des Souverains is to be built is already State property, the only formality to be gone through is a vote of credit by the Chamber for the building funds.

A sad little ceremony is to take place on the last day of the month, in the Passy Cemetery, where a few friends will gather round the tomb of Marie Bashkirtseff and whisper of the wonder-child's extraordinary gifts. Madame Bashkirtseff, Marie's mother, lives down in Nice during the greater portion of the year, but spends a month or two in Paris in the spring, where she sees many of her daughter's friends. It hardly seems as though it could be possible that Marie has been dead so many years, but the books tell us that she died in 1884, and that, if she had lived, she would be forty-three to-day.

The beautiful Baroness de Reuter may claim to be one of the bright particular "stars" of that brilliant cosmopolitan society which is equally at home in London, in Paris, and in Berlin. She is, of course, one of the daughters-in-law of the remarkable man who founded the world-famous firm of Reuter's Agency and whose death occurred only a few years ago. Although the family became naturalised some years ago, the title is a German one, and was bestowed on Julius Reuter by that Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha who was King Edward's uncle. The lady whose portrait we publish is the wife of the late Baron's second son. She was a Miss Potter of Philadelphia and her husband looks after the interests of the French branch of Reuter's.



THE BARONESS DE REUTER AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

ROME. Signor Mario Morasso, writing in the *Rassegna Nazionale* of this month, is terribly scathing about the trend of modern art. Between art and modern life a great gulf has sprung up, he tells us. This is shown, he informs us, by the absolute banality and poverty of inspiration evidenced by the paintings at the International Exhibition at Venice. The modern artist, it would seem, despises the life of to day, with its pulsating engines, its screaming express-trains, its clanging electric-trams, and its many useful electrical contrivances. Only the sweet shepherdess, the pretty little lambs, the blossoming orchards, are worth depicting, only the landscape-scenes which have been painted ever since art existed and painters tried to paint.

Poor artists! To please this angry critic you must hie you at once to the nearest wireless-telegraph station and paint the beauteous Marconi installation, you must visit the railway-sheds and draw the latest kind of waggon and brake, and hurry to the nearest racing-track in order to reproduce

on canvas the newest thing in autocar cap and goggles and dress. His remarks, which take up some twenty-five pages of closely printed matter, include foreign as well as Italian painters, for he says that Italian and foreign artists who have exhibited this year at the Venice Exhibition differ only so far as regards technique, and are all identified by banality and poverty of inspiration and blindness regarding modern life.

Again, according to Signor Morasso, modern artists "have declared men to have become brute-like and stupid, their clothes to be lacking in æstheticism, their gestures to be gross and rough, their sentiments unpleasing, and their forces miserable." The remedy, however, is supplied us. We are told that the "organic vice which renders fallacious all the force, the attempts, the aspirations of modern art consists in nothing else than its separation from modern life, its adaptation to only those ideas, beings, and things which no longer interest us, no longer belong to our life, our habits, and our social intercourse."

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE been reading in my morning paper the statistics of a year's mortality from the attacks of snakes and wild animals in India, and have been almost compelled to doubt the evidence of my own eyes. In the year 1902, tigers killed more than a thousand people, sixty-five victims falling to one man-eater in a district of Bengal. Special rewards were offered for the destruction of this vicious beast, but nobody earned them. Wolves accounted for three hundred and seventy-seven people. These figures are unpleasant reading, but are by no means the worst the statistics have to offer. How many people, who do not know India, can realise that last year alone more than twenty-three thousand people died from snake-bites, some eleven thousand of these deaths coming from the province of Bengal, and more than three thousand of these being credited to the Patna division? The figures take one's breath away.

Wild animals accounted for more than eighty thousand cattle in 1902, and snakes for more than nine thousand. Leopards did most mischief to domestic animals, but were well supported by tigers, while wolves and hyænas were busy throughout the year. On the other hand, war has been waged against wolves in Rohilkhand and the Allahabad division, and they have been cleared from the Cawnpore district. Moreover, thirteen hundred tigers, four thousand four hundred leopards, together with goodly numbers of bears, wolves, and hyænas, were killed for rewards, together with more than seventy thousand snakes. These last figures do not include the wild beasts and snakes killed for sport or without claim for reward. I begin to wonder why some of our tourist agents do not make up shooting-parties composed of men and women who are fond of sport and can use rifles properly, and tackle the Bengal Province seriously. I expect the Indian Government would give such parties all possible encouragement and assistance.

I read with regret that our magistrates in execution of the powers entrusted to them have suppressed the bell of the muffin-man. Among my earliest recollections is the merry tinkle of the bell when the proprietor of muffins and crumpets used to stalk down the road at the witching hour of tea-time, his wooden tray artfully supported on his head, and the treasures it held covered with a green-baize cloth. At the first sound of his bell in the quiet road, I would rush from the nursery or the far end of the garden and race headlong down to the garden-gate. It was so exciting to see the muffin-man lift his tray down without spilling any of its contents. They were brave days, when neither muffin nor crumpet had any terror for me. Now, alas, these things say to me, as the Ghost of Rivers says to Richard III., "Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow." Only the muffin-bell remains to recall my lost youth. And now the magisterial fiat has gone forth and I shall hear the sound no more. *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.*

Congratulations to Boris Saraffoff. I read that the notorious leader of the Balkan Insurrectionaries is expected to winter in Sofia at the close of his long summer campaign against the forces of Abdul Hamid, Father of the Faithful. In the past six months Saraffoff has been killed six times. There can be no doubt of this, for each separate dissolution is chronicled with full pomp of attendant circumstance in the Turkish official organs, and each time it has happened loyal Turks have been delighted. Now Saraffoff cannot be killed again for some months, but I think I am beginning to understand why the Turks call themselves the True Believers.

An afternoon edition of my paper told me last Monday week that a crowd had assembled outside the doors of the Gaiety at an early hour, and I went to look at it. Truly enough, there was a gathering of enthusiasts armed with umbrellas, and doubtless provided with food, drink, and camp-stools. The rain beat upon them, Cockney humourists jeered, 'busmen pointed them out derisively, policemen smiled, busy folk—like me—wondered. Surely, I thought in passing, the army of the stage-struck was experiencing some of the sorrows of a winter

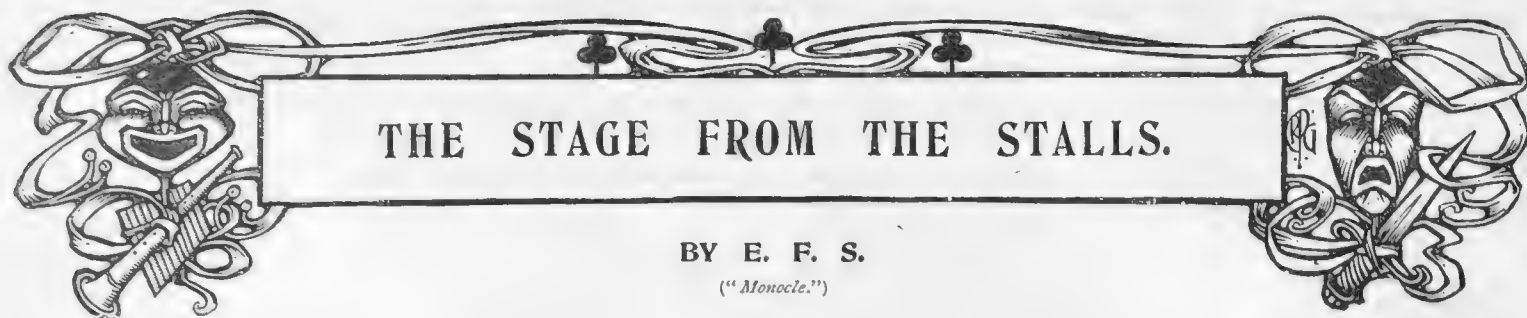
campaign. Then a great sorrow fell upon me for these misguided ones. Clearly they had leisure; clearly, too, the stage appeals to them. Why, then, did they not choose the profession of dramatic criticism and have their stalls sent to them, instead of enduring hours of downpour to cultivate the germs of rheumatism in the pit or gallery?

I am interested in an account of the adventures of a Japanese gentleman with an awkward name. He is in London now on his travels round the world. Two years ago, he started from Tokio, armed with about ten pounds in cash, subscribed by ten of his wealthy friends, and letters of recommendation from certain Japanese noblemen. On the strength of his introductions he has passed all over the world, seeing what it has to show him, and keeping the greater part of his cash intact. Governments that own State railways give him free passes; hotel-managers rejoice to offer him board and lodging; his ways are made clear before him. I suppose most States and rulers have their foolish side, but what I would like is the Japanese recipe for finding it. I know few things that would suit me better than a free pass all over the world, with nothing more to do than submit to the impertinences of interviewers.



RUDE BOY (to Policeman, who has sent him about his business): Garn! 'Ow 'ud you like to work for yer livin'?

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE NEW GAIETY—"THE TEMPEST"—"RICHARD II."

OF course, the event of the week was the opening of the new Gaiety Theatre. Rumour says that many thousands of people applied for seats and found themselves in the position of "Michael Scott his man," and I suppose that they looked upon themselves as did the unfortunate stay-at-home Englishman not present at the Battle of Agincourt—according to the ideas of Henry V. Certainly it is common knowledge that many waited a dozen hours or so in order to be present at this great historic event. One can imagine the thrill of satisfaction in thousands of manly bosoms and tens of thousands of pneumonia-blouses at the idea that the sacred lamp of burlesque is once more alight. It is a splendid and inspiring thought that the Gaiety of London is not eclipsed, and those indiscreet persons who on the first-night showed some ineffective signs of discontent presumably represented the morbid minority of creatures a little irked by the thought that the opening of a new theatre devoted to serious drama would not have been such a prodigious—one may even say, regal—affair. The house itself has been described sufficiently, and it is but just to say that the gloomy shareholder who said that the elevation suggested Newgate ought to have waited until the exterior is complete; for, when the theatre is finished and the adjoining hotel has been built, we may have a noble block of buildings—a little austere, however, in any event, as home for such unaustere entertainment as the house habitually offers, a phrase justified by the fact that the new Gaiety is the old, and that what has been said of the old Gaiety pieces may be said of the new.

"The Orchid" is mounted, of course, in an immensely gorgeous style, and I suppose this appeals to playgoers, though whether the policy involved is that of keeping people from rival entertainments by making them seem dowdy by comparison or that of actually attracting them by sheer force of glitter and splendour does not seem clear to me. There is sound truth in the answer to the riddle, "What makes more noise than one pig under a gate?"—and yet, some day, playgoers may doubt whether they cannot have too much gilding for their silver. However, my text involves admiration, not criticism. Certainly Mr. Tanner's book is as good as most of its predecessors, perhaps even above the average, and the political points delight most of the audience. Some day, I suppose, the philosopher will tell us why playgoers at what he, in his ignorance, will probably style the non-artistic places of entertainment are always Jingoese in spirit.

There is a tendency on such an occasion to look backwards and think rather of the past favourites than the present popularities, with, no doubt, injustice, since memory dwells more easily in such matters on qualities than faults, and it is easy to forget that the limitations noticeable in the present Gaiety performers were discoverable in their predecessors. Comparisons are invited by some of the pretty pictures in the house of past favourites—surely poor Katie Seymour should be represented—but must be avoided. So, with a mere word of regret that the traditions of dancing are hardly maintained, one comes to the fact that the new house starts with an entertainment which, from nearly all points of view, deserves as great a success as any of its ancestors across the street. Yet another word of regret at the absence from the Company of Miss Violet Lloyd, a charming artist who has had no small share in the success of several of the Gaiety pieces. Even without her the Company is strong in ladies, for Miss Ethel Sydney as Lady Violet and Miss Gertie Millar in a bigger part than usual each made a "hit," and whether "There's a girl I want you all to know," as charmingly sung by the former, or "Little Mary," daintily given by the latter, earned the greater applause I cannot tell. No one seemed to fail; in fact, there was a feeling of excitement in the air that worked up performers, and orchestra also, to quite a fever-pitch, and the vigorous, catchy tunes of Mr. Lionel Monckton and suave airs of Mr. Ivan Caryll, to say nothing of the extra numbers, were rendered enthusiastically. Altogether, it was a very famous, remarkable, typical affair, and let no one moan about the decadence of drama in England.

The agreeable production at the Court Theatre of "The Tempest" should gratify the curiosity of many playgoers, since opportunities of seeing this fairy-play in modern times have not been very numerous, although "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has enjoyed great popularity. The cause is not very difficult to discover, for the peculiar and delightful qualities that distinguish the work do not readily submit themselves to the traffic of the stage, and actual sight of the supernatural demonstrations tends to destroy the illusion possible with the aid of the mind's eye. Yet it is certainly a good thing that the play

should be given, even if it be impossible to see it without some sense of disappointment, and it is agreeable that Mr. Leigh should have relied for success rather on the merits of piece and playing than any astounding magnificence of mounting, though, at the same time, I haste to say that the production is handsome, even if it possess no great touch of originality, and many of the effects are very pretty.

So far as mounting goes, one may well suggest that "The Tempest" is a piece in which the curious and interesting experiments of Mr. Gordon Craig would be very valuable. To complain that the Company was hardly able to catch the fantastic spirit of the piece is to do little more than assert that it did not achieve the almost impossible. To our sophisticated minds, Caliban, however presented—and Mr. Leigh gave a very creditable performance—inevitably seems rather more comic than Shakspeare wished; whilst Ariel, of course, appeared rather earthy, despite Miss Dorothy Firmin's skilful efforts. Mr. Charles Lander and Mrs. Leigh represented Ferdinand and Miranda very agreeably, without preventing the thought from arising that they suggest a somewhat bloodless Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Acton Bond's "make-up" without a beard appeared to violate a necessary convention, for he failed to suggest Prospero in appearance, and looked, also, too young, but his performance had an air of dignity.

The souvenir of "Richard II." is one of the most remarkable in the now long list of theatrical souvenirs, and Mr. Buchel's work, even if the colour has come out a little too gaily, is very clever and charming. The success which it commemorates must be very gratifying to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, since, whether one agrees with Coleridge that "Richard II." is the finest of Shakspeare's historical plays, or with others that it is the worst of the series, the fact is clear that it has been one of the least popular. It is, therefore, not wise to ask too carefully how far the success is due to the mounting and how much to interest in the piece and brilliance of acting. Certainly we have never had anything more quaintly picturesque than many of the scenes, whilst others are richly beautiful—notably the one in Westminster Hall with its admirable treatment of masses of red. Of course, since the first-night the representation in many respects has improved, and, although a great deal of the play is given, it runs so smoothly as to be over in reasonable time. Probably, speaking in a broad way, all is retained that wisely could be, since it would be dangerous to give the scenes between York, the Duchess, and Aumerle which render the character of York puzzling and difficult and of dangerous prominence. It is not too much to say that he is the most interesting person in the drama as written, yet his may not be treated as the principal part. Mr. Lyn Harding's performance as York is certainly one of the best pieces of work in the whole affair, and most creditable to the young actor. Mr. Tree's Richard is, of course, the most important element. That he entirely succeeds in suggesting the character of the man may be doubted, but, otherwise, he gives a very striking picture of a complex and interesting personality. His finest moments are in the Westminster Hall scene, where his dignity in indignity, his pride and enforced humility, and his indication of contempt in words of admiration are very finely given. It is very difficult to render Richard interesting on the stage, or impressive, but Mr. Tree shows remarkable skill in the attempt and also in giving a hint of what one may call the original character of the King once so rich in promise. Mr. Lionel Brough, as the gardener, enjoys quite a triumph and earns the heartiest applause of the evening; it is only fair to the others to remember that it is a "fat" little part, which, however, he presents admirably.

The production is noteworthy for excellence of performance in minor parts. Mr. Basil Gill, for instance, is a very spirited and dignified Aumerle—how he must regret the omitted scenes! Mr. Fisher White is a very impressive—indeed, powerful—Bishop of Carlisle. Mr. William Haviland is a vigorous, manly Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Brandon Thomas, if he misses the music of the lovely speech containing "This precious stone set in the silver sea," is a very effective Gaunt, and the Lord Marshal is excellently represented by Mr. Ian Penny, whilst our old friend Mr. Richard Temple should not be overlooked. Miss Lily Brayton may be a little monotonous as the Queen and inclined to moan her speeches, but is a very picturesque personage. To me, Mr. Oscar Asche fails to suggest specific character as Bolingbroke; nevertheless, he certainly wins a great deal of applause. Altogether, the production not only is of remarkable beauty, but also deeply interesting.



MISS KATE CUTLER, PLAYING IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

SOME WELL-KNOWN "MASTERS."



MR. R. H. GOSLING (THE GARTH).



THE HON. E. DOUGLAS-PENNANT (THE GRAFTON).



MR. C. W. FERNIE (THE FERNIE).



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT (THE BEAUFORT).



LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE (THE WARWICKSHIRE).



EARL BATHURST (THE VALE OF WHITE HORSE).

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

SOME WELL-KNOWN "MASTERS."



CAPTAIN J. BURNS-HARTOPP (THE QUORN).



CAPTAIN GERALD HARDY (THE MEYNELL).



SIR GILBERT GREENALL (THE BELVOIR).



Mr. Hanbury.
MR. EVAN HANBURY (THE COTTESMORE).



Earl Spencer. Lord Annaly.
LORD ANNALY (THE PYTCHLEY).



MR. E. E. BARCLAY (THE PUCKERIDGE).

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

"THE MODERN FECHTER" is the by no means infrequent title by which Mr. Waller is spoken of, not only among his professional colleagues, but by the middle-aged playgoer who remembers Fechter himself. The title has a more than ordinary significance, for Mr. Waller's next production at the Imperial is to be Mr. John Davidson's adaptation of "Ruy Blas," a character in which Fechter made one of his most conspicuous successes. Meantime, however, Mr. Waller is to begin his tenancy of Mrs. Langtry's beautiful playhouse with his impersonation of "Monsieur Beaucaire," a part in which Fechter would have revelled, though it is certain he could not have played it with a more charming grace, with a lighter yet firmer touch, or with a fuller mastery of all its varied effects than does Mr. Waller.

It is an open secret that one of our best-known actors, who, as a critic, is exceedingly difficult to please, declared that Mr. Waller's performance was not only equal to the best French acting he had ever seen, but that it seemed incredible that an English actor could approach, much less achieve such a standard of perfection.

For his supreme mastery of the French "temperament," Mr. Waller, no doubt, owes something to the fact that he has foreign blood in his veins.

His first appearance on the stage was made under decidedly happy auspices. It was at Toole's Theatre with Mr. Toole, and he played the juvenile part in "Uncle Dick's Darling" as an understudy, the occasion of his debut being unexpectedly graced by the presence of the then Prince of Wales.

With Mr. Toole, Mr. Waller remained for some time, playing all sorts of parts, and then he went into the provinces, playing the hero in "Called Back" and Orlando to the Rosalind of Madame Modjeska.

When "Dark Days" was produced at the Haymarket, Mr. Waller secured the provincial rights, and thus early in his career entered into management, which lasted for some time. Returning to London, he made his first success as Roy Carlton in "Jack in the Box," at the Strand. In this play several supers were required, and they were engaged from men employed in Covent Garden Market. Only three or four months ago, Mr. Waller was going through the Market, and, as he passed a certain stall, a man touched his hat and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Roy Carlton."

To enumerate the parts which Mr. Waller has played since then would be as tedious as it would be unnecessary. His earliest managerial venture in London was at the Haymarket with "An Ideal Husband." This was followed by a season at the Shaftesbury, where he produced a version of "The Manxman" and "A Woman's Reason." Then came a long hiatus in management, during which he was associated with certain plays at the Haymarket and His Majesty's. He made notable successes as Hotspur in "Henry IV.," Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," and the Bastard in "King John."

The Lyceum reinstated Mr. Waller into management, for there, with Mr. William Mollison, he produced "Henry V.," after which he took the Duke of York's, where he played Don César de Bazan and Mr. Esmond's "Sentimentalist" before he engaged the Comedy Theatre for "Monsieur Beaucaire."



"I'M READY FOR YOU."



"AND SO IS NANCY. I SUPPOSE WE HAD BETTER GO INDOORS."



"A PAINTING BY MY MOTHER."

Having played that part so long, one would imagine that Mr. Waller could repeat the words even if he were asleep. Such is the peculiar nature of the human brain, however, that he has been known to forget the words, an experience which probably falls to the lot of every actor who has played a certain character for very many consecutive times. The exact reason for this temporary inattention to business on the part of the mnemonic faculty is well known to scientists, but need not be inquired into in this place. Let it suffice that Mr. Waller's temporary forgetfulness was the cause of an amusing incident.

It happened at the Comedy Theatre, after he had been playing the part for some months. When an actor of experience does by any chance forget the exact words, he is invariably able to say something sufficiently like the context to prevent anyone not absolutely familiar with it noticing a difference. Even the actors sometimes fail to detect the variation.

On this particular occasion, however, Mr. Waller discovered that he was floundering rather wide of the mark. He attempted to get out of the difficulty, but he began to get more and more involved as he went on, and, to use the theatrical phrase, "he got through very much somehow."

When the curtain came down, he went up to the prompter, who was rather new to the work and had not yet learned to appreciate the fact that, just as no man is a hero to his own valet, so no actor is a "star" to his own prompter.

"Why on earth didn't you prompt me?" asked M. Beaucaire.

"Oh, Mr. Waller," he replied, diffidently, "I didn't like to interrupt you!"

Like many modern actors, Mr. Waller is devoted to open-air life, and, whenever he can, he plays tennis or golf, and goes for long rides on his bicycle or in his motor-car. As a motorist, Mr. Waller made his appearance in the House of Lords in the debate on the Motor Car Bill. It was not a personal appearance, though, perhaps, more unlikely things may happen before the end of the century than that an actor should have a seat in the Upper House.

It was Lord Camperdown who introduced Mr. Waller on the occasion in question. The story his Lordship told was, as readers will remember, to the effect that Mr. Waller was stopped by a policeman between Brighton and Shoreham, and charged with exceeding the regulation speed.

When the case came before the Court, the magistrate told him he was driving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Mr. Waller is reported to have said that he was delighted to know he had so good a car.

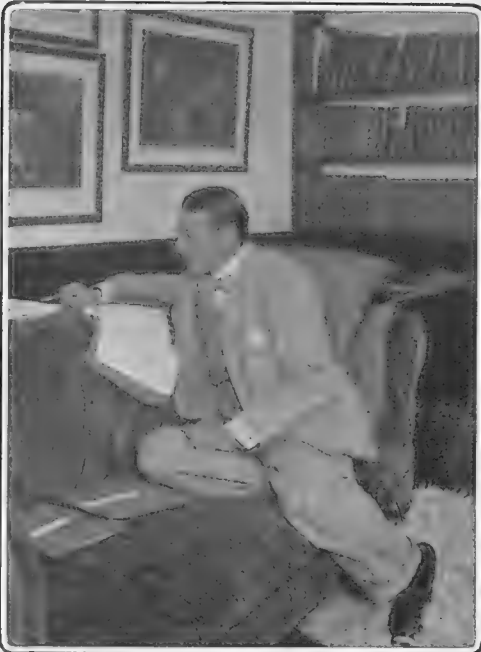
As a matter of fact, however, the incident was even more amusing. One policeman stopped him, and when Mr. Waller asked why he had done so, replied, "My mate will tell you." When the "mate" came up, he said to Mr. Waller, "We timed you over a measured quarter of a mile, and you did it in thirty-seven seconds. That proves you were going at twenty miles an hour."

"That's not true," replied Mr. Waller, with easy insouciance; "it must have been at least thirty."

He has been an ardent motorist for four years, during which time he has had four cars. He knows as much

LXVI.—MR. LEWIS WALLER.

about them as he knows of acting; in other words, he has nothing to learn automobilly. He has travelled thousands of miles, but up to now a single chicken represents the total slaughter he has achieved.



"HERE IS THE MS. OF DAVIDSON'S ADAPTATION OF 'RUY BLAS,' MY NEXT PRODUCTION."

As a golfer he has a good deal of skill and he is an ardent player of the game. He presented to the Green Room Club the Golf Cup which is competed for every year by its members. The cup itself is kept by the Club, while the winner gets a replica of it in miniature. The first year it was competed for, Mr. Waller won it



"THAT REMINDS ME— PARDON ME ONE MOMENT."

himself. He was not, however, as embarrassed as some people might consider he ought to have been, for he had nothing whatever to do with the handicapping of the players.

Shortly after he first took up the game



"HALLO! I'M WANTED AT THE IMPERIAL."



"A FEW YEARS AGO, I SUPPOSE, I SHOULD HAVE TRUNDLED THERE ON ONE OF THESE."



"BUT WE HAVE CHANGED ALL THAT, THANK SCIENCE."

he was staying at Hythe. He became a member of the local Club, where he met a stranger who introduced himself and gave him a game. It need hardly be said that Mr. Waller's play, at the time, was not equal to that of Braid or Taylor. That



"PERHAPS, IF YOU RUN VERY FAST—"

same evening, at a hotel in Folkestone, a friend of Mr. Waller overheard a conversation between two gentlemen who were dining at the next table to him. "What have you been doing to-day?" one asked. "Oh! I have been playing golf," replied the other. "With whom?" queried the former. "A chap called Waller. I believe he is by way of being an actor. He may



"— YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GET A SNAPSHOT OUTSIDE THE STAGE-DOOR."

be a good actor, but he can't play golf for toffee." Perhaps, if that gentleman were to meet Mr. Waller now, he would change his opinion about the actor's prowess at golf, as he would have to increase the estimate of his acting.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE sale of Morley's "Gladstone" on the instalment principle by one of the London morning newspapers has given offence to many booksellers. A correspondence has been published between Mr. H. W. Keay, President of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, and Mr. Frederick Macmillan. Mr. Keay says that many booksellers ordered largely without knowing that the book would be so offered when it was subscribed, and they feel very much hurt that the advertisement appears before the publication and before they have had a chance of getting rid of those ordered. Mr. Macmillan replies that it is a publisher's duty to do the very best in his power for the author whose book is entrusted to him. The sale of the book on the instalment plan made it possible for a large class of comparatively poor people to buy the Life of Mr. Gladstone who could not afford to pay two guineas down and who were not in a position to obtain the work on credit from the ordinary bookshops. The publishers took care that the price at which the newspaper sold was the full retail price. Mr. Macmillan thinks that the very wide advertisement that the book is getting will have the effect of making it so well and widely known that the trade will, in the end, reap a considerable advantage. He further offers to allow any booksellers to cancel their orders or to reduce these orders to such dimensions as they may see fit.

There is another question not touched upon by this correspondence. Supposing a newspaper bought from a publisher, say, a thousand copies of a new book, would the newspaper not be entitled to sell these books at any price it pleased? No publisher would refuse an offer for a thousand copies of a book at the regular trade terms. Once the book is out of the publisher's hands, how can he be held responsible for the method in which it is handled by those who bought it? In any case, the sale of Mr. Morley's book has been in every way satisfactory. The booksellers have had no more saleable article for a very long time.

Professor Elton, of Manchester, publishes in the *Quarterly* an interesting and welcome—though rather tantalising—article on the novels of Mr. Henry James. Every reader of Mr. James through his long career must have been impressed by the great change that has gradually passed over him. To define the nature of the change is very difficult. Mr. Elton says that in the later books we find ourselves in the presence of the much-talked-of decadence, the mood that speaks

in "The Master Builder" and "Jude the Obscure." He is of opinion that the "decadence" cannot be defined at present. It may mean the decay of plastic power at large. It may mean a decline of spiritual energy. Lastly, it may imply a love of subjects which are aloof from the general lot of man, of dark and confused moral issues, of the study of problematic or twisted natures in contrast with the daily and usual. Does it not rather mean the confronting of aspects in human nature and human life which hitherto most writers have thought best left untouched? Mr. Elton is more successful when he describes the change in Mr. James's style. The early style was light, fine, and

sensitive. The later is parenthetical, colloquial, elliptical, unpopular. May it not be that some of the change is due to the fact that, whereas Mr. James used to write his books, he now dictates them? That Mr. Elton is a critic of insight is shown by his saying, "The stories of Mr. James are liable to raise an obscure discomfort in the English reader resembling that caused by want of air." He devotes himself specially to a consideration of "The Wings of the Dove," which he characterises, perhaps rightly, as the most remarkable book that Mr. James has written. He sums up: "With his share in the specialist's temper, and his love for 'strangeness in beauty,' Mr. Henry James, aloof as he appears, is trebly representative—one of the finer voices that may be heard telling the future for what sort of things our time cared."

In the same number of the *Quarterly* there appears a singularly appreciative review of Morley's "Gladstone." It begins by denying that Mr. Morley made a great mistake when he deserted literature for politics. In politics Mr. Morley is a force to be reckoned with, and

his political training has strengthened his literary work. His studies of Sir Robert Walpole and of Oliver Cromwell are "the fine flower of political experience ripened in the senate and the market-place, quickened by the habit of dealing directly with men, and perfected by rare literary skill."

It is by Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone, however, that he may claim to be finally judged both as a man of letters and a man of affairs, and the *Quarterly* cannot place Mr. Morley's biography in any class lower than the first. "It is a great portrait of a great man." The *Quarterly* emphatically asserts the nobility of Mr. Gladstone's character, and thinks that it would be well if his moral ascendancy over the minds and the consciences of his countrymen were, in a measure, re-established.—O. O.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

XI.—"CONTEMPT."

DINNERS WITH SHAKSPERE.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



V.—“I WILL NOT BE SWORN BUT LOVE MAY TRANSFORM ME TO AN OYSTER.”



"MAYBE it's true," sighed Dangan.

It was very early on a summer morning, so early that the sun-dial took no count of time; but there was light to see words cut in the grey stone, and Dangan traced the letters yet again. "Love leadeth ye Dancing Hours," so they ran.

"Of course it's true," said Dangan, and, leaning his elbows on the dial, began to watch for the rising sun.

If lately for him the hours had not dragged weary limbs, with garlands withered, at the least they had not danced. Recalled from world-wandering to brighten the lonely life of his father, he had come in the spring of the year to the beautiful old house, with its orchards and grassy lawns sloping down to the river, and had lived there some two months, writing—as he loved to write—songs of women and stories of men, and been passably content.

But, as he leant on the sun-dial that morning, he recognised a change: he had come to an understanding of the words he had read idly so often before. For the hours to dance love must lead them.

And yesterday she had said she hated him. Oh, Dangan was very hopeful!

He had often imagined the coming of his Queen to the dream-palace he had built for her. From the sky, as an angel? No; Dangan would not have cared for an angel. He had early set aside the things no gentleman may do; for the rest, he had laughed at the world, flirted with the flesh, and nodded to the devil, having a great charity and a rare gift of smiling.

Now she had come—not from the sky, nor from the land, but from the water.

A few days before, at the same early hour of the morning, he had been wandering by the river, when a measured beating of the water and a gentle splashing had roused him from a reverie. Abreast of him a dark head floated and a white arm gleamed in the early sunlight. A girl was swimming with the stream, gracefully, with the ease of long practice. Dangan, among the willows, stood still and watched her. (He recognised afterwards—indeed, the lady herself urged it on him—that he should have gone away at once. But he told her that, at the time, the idea did not occur to him; also, that if Diana had had the sense to wear such a charming bathing-costume poor Actæon need not have suffered—and many other arguments of a like nature.)

Presently, as he watched, the arm disappeared and the swimmer rolled over lazily and floated on the still water, only her face visible, with a dark shadow below the surface, and past that a soft, quivering gleam of white. Then the head sank farther back, the dark shadow took form more distinctly, and Dangan fled, with a memory of ten white toes appearing out of the water, to be kissed by the rising sun.

It was a chance mention of these that had caused Claire, the owner of them, to announce, on a future occasion, that she hated Dangan. He promised never to mention them again; even said he would try to forget them. He was very anxious to please, was Dangan.

But a man's memory is his master, and on this particular morning it was a beautiful profile, a perfection of fine carving, and ten sun-kissed toes that occupied his mind, to the exclusion of all else.

Even to the exclusion of Miss Marjorie Paget-Lumley, although she had lately returned from the Continent to the big house half-a-mile away, and twice he had visited her.

It was the dearest wish of his father that Dangan, his only son, should marry Marjorie, the only daughter of his old friend and neighbour, Colonel Paget-Lumley, and so join the properties. On the arrival of Miss Marjorie, Claire had learnt of this arrangement from her aunt, and, in consequence, had been mightily cold to Dangan, and put many subtle questions to elicit details of the personality of the heiress. Afterwards, she had informed a distracted aunt that she wished to go away, and asked her to leave the little house by the river they rented for the summer months. But the aunt was old and the aunt was comfortable.

"You said it was the most delightful place in the world, only yesterday," she objected.

"I hate it!" exclaimed Claire.

But she had said that—yesterday.

There can be no doubt that her aunt would have yielded, had not Claire soon after ceased her entreaties as suddenly as she had begun them. Her aunt recognised a mystery, but said nothing; which was very thoughtful of her.

Miss Marjorie Paget-Lumley was a tall, dark girl, handsome enough, and quite aware of it. A course of badly digested reading had led her astray, and she had early joined herself to the Order of the People who take themselves seriously. Her emotions were all analysed; love itself she longed to resolve to a formula. She would drag life from the sunshine and the scent of the flowers into the laboratory and the smell of chemicals. She forgot that Aphrodite rose from the

sun-kissed foam of the sea; she would have dived deep to seek her, and found there only ugly, blind fish, and cold, dead water.

"She's grown a fine, handsome girl," said Mr. Comerford to Dangan, as they walked home by the moonlit river after their first visit.

"Yes, she's handsome," assented his son.

"And clever, too."

"Very clever, I should think."

Dangan scarcely spoke as of a virtue.

"You're not enthusiastic, Dan."

"I hardly know her yet."

"It will come in time," said his father, cheerfully.

"I dare say," said Dangan.

"You'll not disappoint me?" asked the old man, affectionately pressing the arm on which he leant. Dangan did not reply; they were passing the very spot where his Queen had first appeared to him in the water.

But presently he said—

"No, sir; I will try not to disappoint you."

And they walked on silently.

On this particular morning Dangan leant on the sun-dial and considered the situation. He was in love with Claire—and she with him. If this latter were wanting in confirmation, he recognised that to assume it helped an orderly marshalling of circumstances and the growth of a decision.

Dangan, watching for the rising sun, decided to assume it.

But his father earnestly desired his marriage with Miss Paget-Lumley, and Dangan had visited her, weakly, under some such understanding. He shrank from the idea of paining his father in his last years; he would not desert him and go away again; and both ladies resided within a mile, one on each side of Mr. Comerford's estate. The sun came over the trees and woke the sun-dial; the black line began to travel and mark the hours; and still Dangan reviewed the situation, thinking sometimes of its perplexity, but much of the pleasant premises on which he based his arguments. It was only the evening before, steeped in the witchery of a moon in summer-time, that he had learnt—perhaps half-learnt only—that he might assume such a thing.

He was at last roused by the voice of Mr. Comerford, announcing breakfast as an established fact.

"I'm sorry," said Dangan; "I forgot the time."

"It's under your nose," laughed the old man, pointing to the sun-dial.

Dangan, still full of his arguments, pointed also, but to the words cut below the dial.

"So were those," said he.

"Humph!" grunted his father, looking at him sharply.

"I've been thinking they're true."

"Well?"

"Are they going to dance for me? Suppose I won't marry Miss Lumley—what then?"

"I'll cut you off with a shilling!" said the old man, fiercely. (Only his eyes, unnoticed by his son, were laughing.)

"Give me the shilling," said Dangan, quietly, holding out his hand.

"You're an obstinate good-for-nothing!"

"I'm a man in love."

Mr. Comerford grunted on a deeper note and turned away.

"Won't you ask me to breakfast?" plaintively inquired the good-for-nothing.

"I have guests," growled his father. "But you can come."

"Guests—to breakfast?"

"Miss Manning and her niece were, like myself, taking an early walk, and consented to breakfast with me."

"Claire!" cried Dangan.

Mr. Comerford turned on him and took him by the shoulders. They stood on the edge of the lawn under the trees.

"I've treated you well, Dan, these thirty years—been a good father—eh?"

"There was never a better, sir."

"And you think I'm going to play the tyrant now, with only a few more years to live? You're a young fool, and I'm an old one, and the breakfast is spoiling."

Dangan, astonished, found no words as they crossed the lawn.

"Did you think," continued Mr. Comerford, "that sweet creature has lived within a stone's-throw for months—yes, last summer when you were away—and I—? If I were twenty years younger you shouldn't have her. I'd marry her myself."

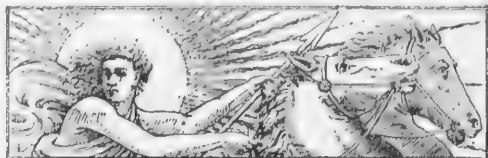
They were close to the windows now, and Dangan heard Claire's voice. At last he found something to say—

"You don't really care on which side of the property I marry?"

His father looked into the room, then back at Dangan.

"I am on the side of the angels," said he.

So Dangan knew the hours would surely dance, for love would lead them.

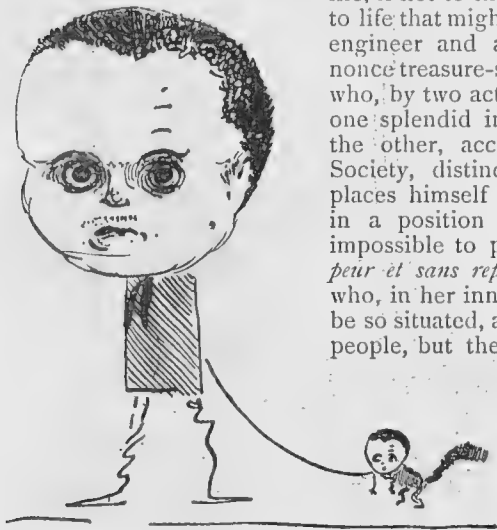


FOUR NEW NOVELS.

"THE HEART OF ROME."

By FRANCIS MARION
CRAWFORD.
(Macmillan, 6s.)

would all serve the footlights admirably; in the hands of an author of less experience and less skill they would have been redolent of them. As it is, Mr. Crawford, by sheer literary dexterity, lifts them from



"MAX BEERBOHM—BODY AND SOUL."

A REPLY CARICATURE BY H. G. WELLS.

tion, legitimately handled. So, too, is the dramatic discovery of Sabina in Malipieri's room after their escape from the treasure-vault beneath the Palazzo Conti; and so is the revelation that Malipieri is legally married to a woman he has seen but for a few moments. Mr. Marion Crawford has chosen, and chosen wisely, to gain his effects as much by suggestion as by analytical description, a method conducive to belief, and the result is a "tale without a 'purpose' and without any particular 'moral,' in the present appalling acceptance of those simple words," that is worthy of its author's reputation.

"ROMANCE."

By JOSEPH CONRAD AND
FORD MADOX HUEFFER
(Smith, Elder, 6s.)

this and more may be said for "Romance," a novel by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. Conventional terms of praise, overworked in the service of books that no kind words can help, now fail to render adequately all one would express, but there is no other material to hand, and even these terms must be used with proper limitations. For "Romance" is unpretentious, and does not seek to cover the whole field of fiction; it sets out a stirring sensational story in the fashion demanded by the hour, and the authors, adding to their fine sense of style a delicate perception of the proper range of sensational fiction, satisfy the reader without sacrifice of the restraint that marks a worthy book. The adventures of the hero are presented so vividly that recollections of R. L. Stevenson's work come to the reader again and again; the authors' respect for psychology gives to moving incidents and hair-breadth 'scapes the quality of reason that so many successful fiction-writers fail conspicuously to present. Happy in the setting of their tale and watchful from first chapter to last in their handling of it, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hueffer will add to the number of their unknown friends and increase their reputation.

"UTHER AND IGRAINE."

By WARWICK DEEPIING.
(Grant Richards, 6s.)

whose marriage sprang Arthur of the Table Round. It is done with no slight power, and a notable command of vivid, direct, full-blooded diction which serves to keep the story on the high romantic plane. Only now and again is there a jarring note, as when a man is said to have "the face of a Dante," or when some word of purely modern associations brings the reader up with a mental jerk. The writer has made a consistent story out of the mass of contradictory legends which have collected round King Arthur's parentage. The portrait of

Paradoxical though the statement may appear, Mr. Marion Crawford's latest novel possesses all the elements of a play without being in the least theatrical. Plot, situations, character, and a certain ingenious leading-up to climaxes would all serve the footlights admirably; in the hands of an author of less experience and less skill they would have been redolent of them. As it is, Mr. Crawford, by sheer literary dexterity, lifts them from

and their doings none the less fascinating. The main incident of his plot, the hemming of the man and the woman in the "Heart of Rome" by the "Lost Water," is in its essence sensational in the extreme; but it is legitimate sensation.

Igraine is that of a noble woman nobly planned, and her splendid courage, her essential womanliness, are entirely convincing. The great figure of Uther, too, is well drawn, though the author evidently has little sympathy for his simple religious faith. It is this which first separates the lovers, for Uther, whom Igraine believes to be Sir Pelleas, a simple knight, in his turn believes her to be a professed nun, instead of merely a novice. His sublime renunciation brings bitter punishment to Igraine for her half-playful deception. Enmeshed in Merlin's enchantments, she weds Duke Gorlois, a brutal sensualist, who is made to take for the moment the semblance of her own Red Knight. A dramatic escape from her husband and many strange wanderings follow, till at length, clad in armour she had taken from a dead knight, she meets Gorlois in single combat, is captured and carried to his Castle of Tintagel, where she endures a purgatory of subtly fiendish cruelty till her reason gives way, and she is only restored by the coming of Uther, who has slain Gorlois in fair fight. The book, which is full of excellent fighting, gives an unforgettable impression of that turbulent age when Jutes, Angles, and Saxons were constantly descending upon the fair land of Britain to burn, plunder, and ravish.

"KATHARINE FRENESHAM."

By BEATRICE HARRADEN.
(Blackwood, 6s.)

In the same way that "Ships that Pass in the Night," that seemingly unassuming story, possessed the power to move its readers, so does the history of Clifford Thornton and Katharine Frensham appeal to the emotions. For a while we have missed Beatrice Harraden—we sought her in vain amid the cynicism of "The Fowler," but here her true spirit reveals itself once more. Professor Thornton's married life had not been successful. His scientific studies, in which he took a passionate interest, had been hopelessly interrupted by the scenes resulting from his wife's violent temper and unreasoning jealousy, and her death (which he, somewhat morbidly, thinks was more or less indirectly caused by himself) brings him no release. The memory of his wife remains between himself and his son, a mere boy, inheriting the proud, reserved, sensitive temperament of his father. The boy's love for his father is embittered by his desire to be loyal to his dead mother and by the influence of some scurrilous, slanderous words spoken by a woman posing as her friend, and thus "the two icebergs," as they are fondly named by "Knatty," grow sadly apart. But Katharine is there to work out their salvation—and, incidentally, her own—for she also has had her lonely moments. Katharine is healthily human, she is faulty, she is impulsive; but her breadth of mind, her wonderful gift of sympathy, her intangible charm, cause her to stand forth in these pages as the ideal type of an English girl, and her love-letter to Clifford at the conclusion of the book is a fine piece of writing. Character-study, as is well known, is the author's forte, and "Knatty," the dear old Danish woman of seventy, compact of love and tenderness and brimming over with humour and mischief; Alan Thornton, with shy, awkward, boyish ways; Gerda and Ejnar, the unilluminated botanists whose matrimonial differences deal exclusively with mosses and fungi—even the Sorenskriver, a disagreeable Danish magistrate—all testify to the insight into character which can give us these various individualities. Here and there the stage-management, if we may term it so, is not quite skilful; but such slight defects cannot mar a love-story that is absolutely idealistic, without a trace of mawkishness or false sentimentality.

MR. H. G. WELLS RETORTS.

In a recent issue of *The Sketch* there appeared a clever caricature of H. G. Wells by Max Beerbohm. A few days later, we received from the novelist the pretty drawing reproduced on this page. "Inspired by Max Beerbohm's idealisation of me," wrote Mr. Wells, "I've idealised Max Beerbohm. It's quite at your service for reproduction." We hasten to add that the line of description beneath the drawing was also supplied by the novelist.

ON THE TABLE.

"The Cardinal's Snuff-box." By Henry Harland. (Lane, 6s.)—A new edition copiously and charmingly illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst.

"The Secret in the Hill." By Bernard Capes. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)—The secret in the hill is a box of gold and the son of a Q. C. is the teller of the story.

"Self-Defence." By Charles Edward Walker. (Lawrence and Bullen, 3s. 6d.)—A guide to boxing, quarter-staff and bayonet practice, the walking-stick cudgel, fencing, &c.

"Memories of the Months." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.)—This makes the third series of these "Memories," illustrated by some very excellent photographs.

"Doctor Xavier." By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)—"Doctor Xavier" is the story of a wonderful person who can transform a plain girl into a beauty, and the book divulges the secret. Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"Great Orations." Edited by Arnold Wright. (Hutchinson, 6s.)—A collection of notable portions of famous speeches by statesmen, jurists, politicians, and divines.

"The Life of Mary Magdalen." Translated by Valentina Hawtrey. (Lane, 6s.)—The book is said to be written by an unknown Italian of the fourteenth century. Vernon Lee contributes an introduction and the volume is illustrated by reproductions of the Magdalen from various paintings.

"The Most Secret Tribunal." By E. Livingston Prescott. (Grant Richards, 6s.)—The author's pecuniary interest in the sale of this book has been assigned to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables.



A FAIR TRADER.

"Penny 'addock, please ; and father says, will you wrap it up in a newspaper wot supports Mr. Chamberlain."

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



MOTOR NOTES FROM IRELAND.

HERR SCHTINKELMÜNZEN: 'I! 'Ullo! 'Elp! Der car 'e go to sink, und 'e loose me four t'ousand mark!
Mine vife, also, she is on der underside.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



EXTRACT FROM ELEVENTH LETTER (PARIS):

... I tore myself away from the mountains and have come to Paris. The other evening, I went to a place called the "Bullier," as I had seen a notice saying there would be a dance there. I bought rather a nice frock for the occasion, but, apparently, evening-dress is not usual and I attracted a good deal of attention. An extraordinary-looking man asked me to dance, without any introduction, and I was just beginning to feel rather uncomfortable when Mr. Waterford (did I tell you he lived in Paris?) appeared. He seemed as nervous as a cat when he saw me, but he spoke to one or two of the

people and they laughed and shook his hand and he seemed more nervous than ever. However, they left me alone then, and Mr. Waterford took me away to a seat in a corner, as he said he couldn't waltz and the band was playing waltzes. Then the band struck up some quadrilles, and I told him I was sure he could dance them; but he looked quite frightened and said he had just remembered a tremendously important engagement—a business one—but would have time to put me in a cab first. I was rather disappointed, but I didn't like to be left alone again, so I went home. . . .

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

JENNY CHOOSES.

By A. ST. JOHN ALCOCK.



recent years it has been intimately concerned in an elopement, a judicial separation, an accidental death, and a variety of police-court cases touching upon more or less serious assaults and drunken disorder; for it is a long, dingy street given over to a large and very miscellaneous tenantry. But never has the Row been so stirred to its grim depths, so blown with notoriety and unholy excitement, as it was on the occasion of Alf Jarvis's sudden departure from it.

The departure was final and the manner of it was violent and mysterious. One night in autumn, a night of ghostly mists and no moon, Alf failed to come home. As he was not a man of regular habits, this was nothing unusual. But in the morning his body was found lying out on the mangy green stretch of the London Fields—dead, with a savage gash in the throat that could not have been self-inflicted.

While he lived, nobody had been especially fond of Alf except his parents, and they were half-afraid of him. A loafing, ill-conditioned ruffian, he had suffered imprisonment for one brutal outrage, and was strongly suspected of others that could not be brought home to him. Nevertheless, his death was generally accepted in Lavender Row as a calamity; he was discussed as exhaustively as if he had been a real loss to the community, and men and women reaped glory in a small way by retailing his sayings and doings and posing as his personal friends.

Those who could not by any straining of presumption lay claim to such distinction as this were glad to listen to those who could, though they listened with envy. For Alf's name loomed large now in the newspapers; his portrait likewise was there, with a condensed biography of him, an unabridged report of the crime, notes about his family, and as much other trivial detail, conjecture, and anecdote as the papers generally publish about celebrities of national importance.

One paper came out with portraits of his father and mother and the house in which they occupied two top-rooms; another gave a ground-plan of London Fields, with a cross on the spot where the body had been discovered. Others printed scrappy interviews with bosom-friends of Alf's who had scarcely been on nodding terms with him while he was in the flesh, and men who could point to any such published statements with the pride of authorship lived, temporarily, on dizzy pinnacles up which outsiders climbed to them deferentially, snatching a lesser, weird importance from having enjoyed the privilege of paying for their refreshments.

Day after day, Lavender Row hummed with undiminished excitement. The police were at fault and could find no clue to the murderer, and, throughout this thrilling period, of all who rose to local eminence by reason of their acquaintance with Alf, none rose higher than Jenny Cripps, nor took a subtler pride in the elevation, nor appealed thence more prevailingly to public sentiment.

Yet few of the spurious friends of the late Alf Jarvis were less entitled to that elevation or that sympathy.

Jenny lived with her mother in the house opposite to that in which Alf had lodged. She earned a livelihood by work in a chocolate-factory, and was a good-looking, vivacious girl, who, for all her native coquetry and love of dress and amusement, had a robust imagination and a ballast of common-sense that stood her in good stead in a narrow, perilous world where it is not always easy to be happy for long without being unwise.

Her good looks and good-humour won her many admirers, but she was hard to please.

She had owned to no preference for anybody until she began to walk out with Ben Gillett, and Ben's triumph was not lasting. She quarrelled with him frequently, and, at length, offended by

Lavender Row, which is in Hackney, was accustomed to sensations, and would not have been happy without them. During comparatively

some fancied slight, sent him away in a moment of pique and apparently transferred her affections.

But Ben was not readily daunted. He was a dogged, steady-going fellow, a capable artisan, dwelling at a distance from the Row, and had come to know Jenny through meeting her at intervals as she walked to and from the chocolate-factory. He went away when she sent him; but he returned and returned again with a tireless persistence that was presently rewarded: she found she could not care for his supplanter as she had cared for him, so he was forgiven and they were reconciled.

Then, after an interval, she broke with him capriciously for a second time, and he departed into the wilderness of her displeasure, smarting under the knowledge that he had a new rival who was far more dangerous than the old.

This new rival was none other than the redoubtable Alf Jarvis.

Alf had set eyes upon Jenny, and, being moderately fascinated by her good looks and the challenge of her bright eyes, had pointedly honoured her with his attentions, and the fact that she was coy and exacting and not to be lightly won added an unwonted piquancy to his wooing and made him the more bent upon winning her.

On her part, it was, probably, not so much that she cared for him as that she was flattered at being singled out for admiration by one who was so peculiarly notorious.

Before his solitary conviction had rendered the undue prominence too risky, Alf had been the leader of a gang of Hooligans who were the terror of the neighbourhood; and since his release from durance he had been no less daringly lawless, but carried out his exploits with a baffling cunning and secrecy that left the police no chance of entrapping him.

Rumour whispered that he was expert with a revolver, and when a man was shot near by in a street-brawl Alf was credited with the achievement; but though he was arrested on suspicion, no revolver could be traced to him and there was no tangible evidence of his guilt. He was handy also with the knife, and free of his threats to use it; wherefore he was held in respect, and more timorous spirits looked up to him, toadied to him, and, even while they hated him and his tyranny, were glad to boast of his friendship and swagger under his patronage.

It was no wonder, then, if Jenny was dazzled by the homage of so masterful a man. The wonder was that his dashing airs, the glamour of his crude greatness, the open hatred of one he had jilted and several he ignored for the sake of her, turned her head so little as it did.

For awhile, however, she was so far warped from her better self by his sinister influences that the sight of Ben Gillett's sombre, melancholy visage when she flaunted past him in the streets, instead of touching her to compassion, only pleasantly titillated her preening self-complacency.

If Ben had given her up, she might have felt some irritation; that he should haunt her miserably, seeking to move her to relent, gratified her vanity, while the mood lasted, as it must have gratified the Roman conqueror to see his hopeless captive shambling dejected by his chariot-wheel.

Suddenly, at this critical juncture, before she could be sure of her own heart or Alf could overpersuade her, some unknown hand had abruptly torn him out of her life for ever.

His tragic end filled her with horror and affected her with an emotional belief that she had really loved him. The tears she shed were tears of genuine sorrow. Her pity for him was so acute, and she was so vividly conscious of the prominence she occupied by reason of her tender association with the chief actor in this startling tragedy, that, when the Press reporters got hold of her name and put it about that she had been betrothed to him, she rather encouraged the idea than otherwise, and keenly appreciated the dignity and reputation that accrued to her from it.

This development of the situation seeming to make it imperative, she trimmed her hat with crape and bought herself a cheap black dress, and in these habiliments was treated with distinguished consideration at the inquest, where, red-eyed and weeping, her outward acquiescence in the position making her grief and bereavement curiously real to her, she sat on a front-bench between Alf's father and mother.

Later, she was the most attractive figure and a principal mourner at the funeral—a sensational, largely attended funeral, which was paid for out of the proceeds of a special smoking-concert held in the hall over "The Bold Robin Hood" at the corner of the Row.

Altogether, it was a strange and grievous experience, not unmingled with a certain pleasant self-complacency of which Jenny was dimly ashamed even while she indulged it.

Nor was the whole affair buried at the funeral. It was kept very much alive by the circumstance that the police were still actively pursuing the murderer, and every now and then the papers announced darkly that they had obtained a clue and were momentarily expecting to make an arrest.

But no arrest was ever made. Alf had wronged many people and made numerous enemies; moreover, his companions were as brutal and as lawless as himself. He might have been murdered out of revenge, or in the heat of some drunken fight—among a confused multitude of such possibilities no track of the culprit could be found, and by degrees the search began to be abandoned.

Meanwhile, though Ben Gillett had made no attempt to intrude upon Jenny's misery, he had not lost sight of her. Again and again she met him as she walked to the factory or home from it, and his wan, unhappy face reproached her in spite of herself. But, strong in the importance attaching to her almost widowed state, and too proud to own it in a hurry even if she suspected she had been any way duping herself, she steeled her heart against him and discouraged such hesitant attempts as he made to renew acquaintance with her.

Once or twice, stung to desperation, he paused full in her path and spoke to her, but she froze him each time with the cold indignation of her gaze and swept past him without a word.

When he could endure this no longer, crushed and reckless with despair, he forced her to make up her mind about him, once for all, by calling to see her in her own home. The front-door of the house stood always open, for the convenience of the various lodgers, so he entered at will, and, before she was aware of his presence, was in the room where she sat at the table sewing, alone.

"You needn't be afraid, Jenny," he said, quietly, closing the door and standing with his back to it. "I must speak to you . . . You're breaking my heart. I saw your mother go out, an' came in hoping to find you by yourself. I want you to tell me the plain truth—an' have done with it."

After a quick glance at his tense, white face, she bent over her sewing again with an assumption of indifference, though her hands trembled and the tears smarted under her eyelids, and she was surprised and angry at her sudden unaccountable weakness.

"You're still wearing black," he went on, with a dull composure. "I want to know, Jenny—was it only a sort of fancy—are you only sorry for him—or—did you really love him?"

"I shouldn't wear black if I didn't, should I?" she cried, resentfully.

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do!"

"But—once you loved me, Jenny——"

"No, I never did, then!"

He waited, watching her thoughtfully.

"I've been mistaken, then?"

"Reckon you have." She tossed her head scornfully.

"You're quite—quite certain?" he urged, anxiously. "Don't fool me any more, Jenny."

"Who's foolin' you? You've no right to come here bullying me, Ben Gillett, an' the sooner you take yourself off the better."

He sighed heavily.

"Very well," he returned. "But if I'd been sure of it before,

Jenny—Oh, things might have gone different! I never believed you loved him—that's where it was——"

"It was no business of yours, anyhow," she protested, hotly. "What right have you to come here saying this to me——?"

She bit her lip and choked back a sob.

"I'll tell you, Jenny." His grim calmness seemed to increase with her agitation. "That night Jarvis was murdered, I was comin' across the Fields an' met him. He'd been drinkin', but he knew me an' shouted words it was bitter hard to bear. I went on, but he jeered an' shouted after me. It was something about you—never mind what—an', though I knew it was a lie, I couldn't stand it. I ran back, mad, an' dashed my fist in his face. Next minute he had a knife out an' was on me. We rolled over atop of each other—I got his wrist an' wrenched the knife away. . ."

He stopped, and she stared at him aghast. "I hated him," he continued, in a strained, hoarse whisper. "I'd never thought to do him harm, though. But . . ." He paused, panting as if for breath, and presently resumed, brokenly, "Now you know. It was

me. An' if it's him you love—an' not me—I don't care to hide it—any longer. I never meant to tell you—but now . . . That settles it!" He struggled against the fierceness of his emotion, and suppressed it. "You can give me up, Jenny. That's why I'm telling you. Give me up, an' I'll swing for it! Go on. . . Here! There it is." With a hasty movement, he flung a long-bladed knife down on the table before her. "That's the knife. I'll stop here—while you go for the police."

He ceased, and stood, dully resolved, his breast heaving convulsively. There was a moment of awful silence. Then the slow tread of Mrs. Cripps returning sounded in the passage. Instantly Jenny started to her feet.

He caught the look in her eyes and a new light kindled in his own. "Ben!" she cried, in an agony, under her breath. "Oh . . . it was my fault! . . . It was never him, really! . . . I never cared—I thought I did—but——"

She broke off with a warning gesture as the door opened, and, snatching the knife from the table, thrust it into her pocket.

THE END.



[DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.]

Before she was aware of his presence, he was in the room where she sat at the table sewing.

"JENNY CHOOSES."



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE new American-made eighteenth-century plays, "Pretty Peggy" and "Lady Teazle," which are now threatened for exportation to these islands, will, I have reason to believe, cause some friction between the American exporters and certain British-born playwrights concerned. For example, "Pretty Peggy,"

having been written by Miss Aymer Mathews around the life and adventures of the late great actress, Peg Woffington, will, it seems, be likely to run counter to certain latter-day "copyright" variants of Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's long-popular comedy, "Masks and Faces," which was adapted by both those authors from the first-named author's beautiful story, "Peg Woffington."

It has to be conceded that the lady writer of "Pretty Peggy" has, as I have good reason to state, departed to a large extent not only from the "Masks and Faces" play and from Reade's Woffingtonian romance, but also from the dashing Margaret's stage history as it is known to most of us who know anything at all about histrionic matters.

Among other new, picturesque, and romantic plays that are likely to be more than usually interesting are the following, tidings of which have just reached me: Mr. Marion Crawford's own dramatisation of his stirring story, entitled "Zoroaster"; an expressly prepared adaptation of "The Bath Comedy" by Egerton Castle; Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's long-promised dramatisation of

niece of Miss Emily Soldene, will play a black dancer called Night, Mr. Seymour Hicks a white Pierrot named Moonshine; Mr. Edward Sillward (the clever animal-impersonator of the music-halls) will enact a monkey named Esau, and Mr. Courtice Pounds an eccentric but melodious personage named Starlight.

A few days before or after the production of "The Cherry Girl" at the Vaudeville, Messrs. Hicks and Caryl's other fairy-play, formerly called "The Dog Trainer," but now more pleasantly entitled "The Only Girl," will be produced at the Adelphi.

Wallingford-on-Thames is a pretty little village a few miles from the old town of Dorchester, where Thame joins Isis. In Wallingford Mr. Jerome K. Jerome represents literature and journalism and Mr. G. F. Leslie, R.A., represents art. So far as I have been able to see, the village is not greatly interested in drama, and the announcement reproduced here did not greatly stir the yokels. One or two were heard to comment adversely upon the charge for seats, and still more expressed sympathy with the "manager," whose performance attracted only two patrons, sisters, I believe, of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who was to have appeared in the cast but was summoned from Wallingford at the last moment. Undeterred by the beggarly array of empty benches, the "manager" and his friends presented their play, "Merely Mary Ann," with great energy and high spirits, and the audience of two testified its approval in manner unmistakable. In this way the copyright laws were satisfied, and Mr. Zangwill's four-Act comedy produced in America on Monday night last was secured from the attacks of pirates and other ill-disposed persons who stand between authors and their proper fees.

Mr. Israel Zangwill has followed the example set to him by all the members of his own "Bachelor's Club." He is engaged and will be married next month to Miss Edith Ayrton, daughter of Professor Ayrton, F.R.S. Miss Ayrton's mother was Matilda Chaplin Ayrton, M.D., who fought so long and so resolutely to secure for women in England the right to compete in medical studies with men. She did not quite succeed—the College of Surgeons and College of Physicians are still too old-fashioned and behind the times to give women their diplomas—but Mrs. Ayrton's labours paved the way for reforms to which the Colleges must bow before many years. Professor Ayrton is at present in America with the Mosely Education Commission, and Mr. Zangwill's marriage awaits his return: Miss Ayrton has contributed stories to the *Westminster Gazette*, *Lippincott's*, and *Little Folks*.

Corn Exchange WALLINGFORD.

Lessees, The Corn Exchange Company, Limited, Wallingford.
Manager - - - Mr. I. Zangwill.

On THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1903.

AT THREE P.M.,

Will be produced for the first time, under the personal supervision of the author,

Merely Mary Ann,

A Comedy in Four Acts, by I. ZANGWILL,
(Founded on his story of the same name.)

CHARACTERS:

Lancelot	-	-	-	Mr. Ernest Henham.
Peter	-	-	-	Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.
Herr Brahmsen	-	-	-	Mr. Israel Zangwill.
Rev. Samuel Smedge	-	-	-	Sir A. Conan Doyle.
O'Gorman	-	-	-	Mr. George Jenkins.
Jim Blades	-	-	-	Mr. Harold Crichton.
Lord Valentine Foxwell	-	-	-	Mr. Fred Miller.
Mrs. Leadbatter	-	-	-	Miss Blanche Maine.
Rosie	-	-	-	Miss Olga Hentschel.
The Sisters Trippitt	-	-	-	Miss Elsie Morris.
Lady Chelmer	-	-	-	Miss Norah Cook.
Caroline, Countess of Foxwell	-	-	-	Miss Henrietta Stanley.
Lady Gladys Foxwell	-	-	-	Miss Gertrude Miller.
Hon. Rowena Fitzgeorge	-	-	-	Miss Winnie Shorland.
MARY ANN	-	-	-	Miss Rowena Jerome.
	-	-	-	MISS ELSA STEELE.

Scenery specially painted by Mr. Fred Miller. Costumes by Madame Pauline. Furniture by Mitchell & Co. Song in Act IV. by Miss Cécile Hartog.

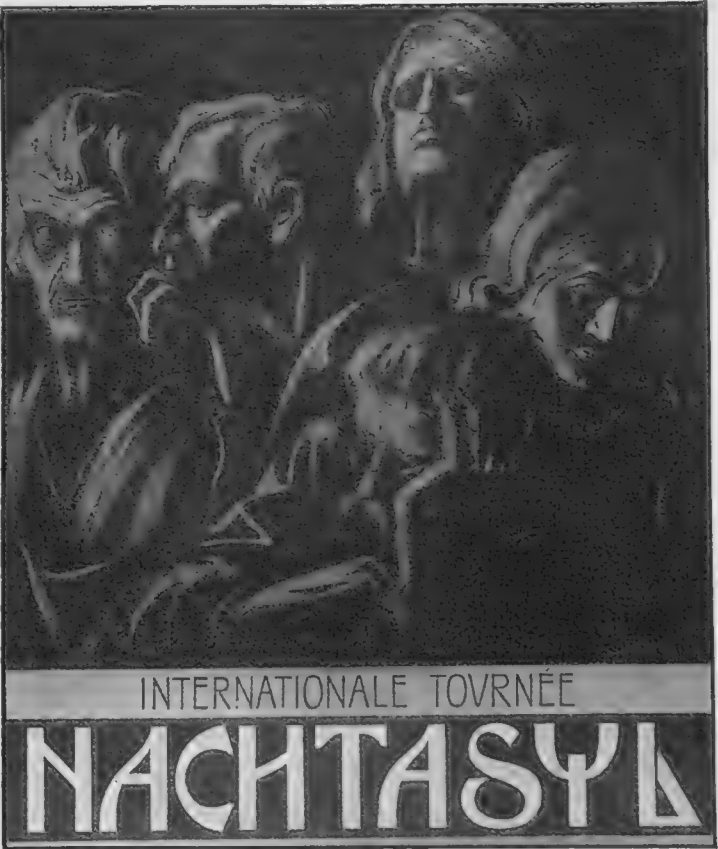
Admission :—ONE GUINEA.

PLAY-BILL ANNOUNCING COPYRIGHT PERFORMANCE OF MR. ZANGWILL'S COMEDY, "MERELY MARY ANN."

the Kipling story, called "The Gadsbys," for Messrs. Harrison and Maude at the Haymarket; Mr. Victor Widnell's new comedy, "Orange Blossom," written for Mr. Frank Curzon; and a Congreve comedy revival which may, I am authoritatively informed, be expected at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square, a few weeks hence. This is "The Way of the World," which certainly saucy—almost sauciest—comedy undoubtedly was so useful, with the same author's still saucier play, "The Double Dealer," to the equally brilliant but somewhat more practical dramatist, Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

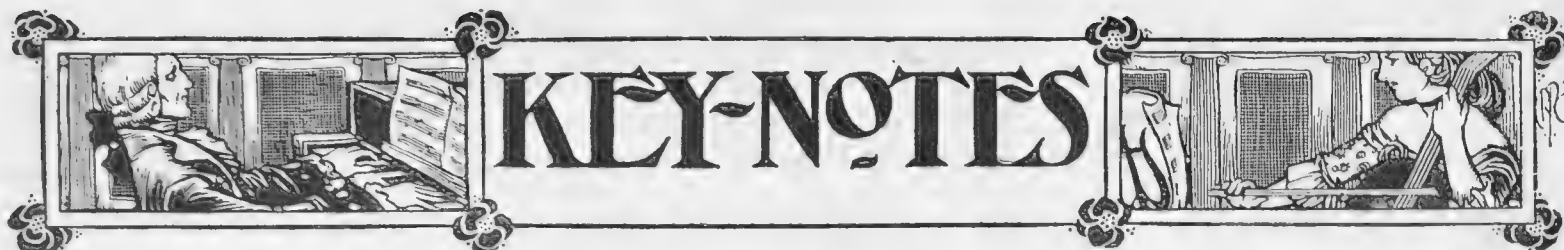
Before "The Way of the World" comes to the Court, however, you may, I have the best authority for asserting, expect to see in the evening bill Mr. James M. Barrie's charming and long-lived comedy, "Quality Street," transferred there from the Vaudeville. There will be a strong cast, albeit minus Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Miss Terriss and Mr. Hicks will, of course, remain at the Vaudeville to play in "The Cherry Girl," which has been written by Mr. Hicks and composed by Mr. Ivan Caryl, Mr. Aubrey Hopwood supplying the lyrics. In this play, which, Mr. Hicks tells me, is due at the Vaudeville on or about Dec. 10, Miss Terriss will enact two characters, namely, Pansy and the Queen; Miss Constance Hyem will represent the necessary "double" to Miss Terriss; Miss Kate Vesey,



THE POSTER FOR THE GERMAN VERSION OF MAXIM GORKY'S PLAY, "THE LOWER DEPTHS."

THIS DRAMA, DONE INTO ENGLISH BY LAURENCE IRVING, WILL BE PRESENTED TO A LONDON AUDIENCE BY THE STAGE SOCIETY ON NOV. 30.



THE current number of the *Musical Times*, a magazine which is distinguished by singular scholarship and by a very intimate knowledge of music from the historical point of view, contains an article signed "By Sir George Grove, C.B.," and entitled "Mendelssohn's Overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'" No explanation is given as to whether or not this is a posthumous article now published for the first time; but, in any case, like all Sir George Grove's work, it is distinguished by a fine sense of musical enthusiasm, and by a peculiar sort of emotional learning which belonged entirely to Grove, the secret of which has apparently never been communicated to any other writer.

Very rightly, Grove insists upon the difference between this Overture and the incidental music to Shakspeare's play. Thus he writes: "The Overture was written while he was yet a lad. . . . Mendelssohn was then midway in his eighteenth year." The fact is, of course, confirmed by every contemporary of Mendelssohn and has practically passed into the regions of history. But it is an amazing fact that a boy who was only a little beyond the age of seventeen should have written a work which in the eyes of modern connoisseurs far surpasses any instrumental work which later issued from his pen. In later life, Mendelssohn added to that Overture a series of musical compositions which, now in combination, are regarded by the "Man in the Street" as a complete and definite musical inspiration which filled the great musician when he had the audacity to tackle a work of Shakspeare. Let it, however, never be forgotten that it was the young man in the morning of his career, the youth who had the privilege of playing before Goethe, that it was the master of technique almost rivalling Mozart's record, who wrote unforgettable music in the days before life had revealed to him, or, one may say, had suggested to him, the solutions of any of its problems.

Mr. Egon Petri made his first appearance in this country at the St. James's Hall a few days ago, when he was assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood. Mr. Petri is a pianist who has evidently spent many laborious hours in attaining to a fine technique of the piano forte, for, indeed, that technique is altogether extraordinary, even now at this time, when technique is practically the cheapest thing imaginable in the world of music. One dares to write such an audacious sentence, because this is essentially the day when everybody practises; and although practice is the best possible thing for both the artistic and the inartistic, it sometimes happens that by constant grinding a man may attain to a certain celebrity by the sheer fact of hard work. Mr. Petri has scarcely mastered the poetry of music; his efforts seem to be entirely directed towards the rhetorical side of his art. One does not blame him for this, and certainly he fulfils his own intention to admiration; nevertheless, it must be confessed that there are moments when the listener desires a somewhat gentler attitude towards music, when continuous and persistent exhibitions of manual skill enter upon what may be called the fatiguing stage. The fault of all this modern insistence upon technical accomplishment lies with Franz Liszt. It was he who combined a magnificent musical temperament (if one may take Berlioz for one's musical authority) with a technical ideal which has practically set the example to modern Europe so far as the art of pianoforte-playing is concerned.

Nowadays, nobody is satisfied unless every technical detail is carried out to the ultimate extent of perfection. We have forgotten

Mozart and that pregnant sentence of his, after the performance of the Overture to "Don Giovanni," when that opera was (under extraordinary conditions) produced for the first time: "A good many notes fell under my desk, but, nevertheless, you have interpreted my Overture according to my desire." Dead perfection, to use Tennyson's phrase, is the modern ideal; and one very much fears that the advent of a modern Rubinstein would be hailed without very much enthusiasm, because most of the critics who care more for perfection in detail than fineness of temperament would chronicle not that he played well, but that he played many false notes.

Madame Berthe Marx has a most amazing musical memory, and during the week she gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall at which she played Chopin's twenty-four Preludes and twenty-four Études.

As a *tour de force* the thing was simply magnificent, but as an artistic feat not so much can be said of it. There were enthusiasts who carefully followed note by note upon their scores every bar and every note of these magnificent musical indiscretions; but what wonder if occasionally the critic was inclined to forget Chopin and all his works and pomps? It is said that Chopin was immensely admired by neuralgic Duchesses; if this is not the truth, it certainly ought to be. His monotonous nervousness, his slender and occasionally rather attenuated musical wallings were, of course, part of his peculiarly sensitive temperament. He was, too, a very great master of the significance of the pianoforte, and the concert under consideration, for that reason, was undoubtedly, and up to a certain point, attractive. But to be a Chopin enthusiast is to specialise one's feeling for art so narrowly that the sense of comparison with such giants as Mozart, Wagner, Richard Strauss, and Elgar becomes almost nullified.

Mr. Gervase Elwes gave a vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall last week of singular interest, not only because his voice is of capital quality, but also because he chose his programme with refinement and distinction of thought. It is true that his vocal resources are not yet equal to a really good interpretation of Beethoven's "Adelaide"; but in songs of less exceptional greatness he proved himself to be a singer with very fine vocal quality, a singer well-trained, well-educated, and well-equipped in intellectual power. At the present moment he is a little inclined to give too much prominence to the emotional side of his temperament; he likes to lean upon his music, and consequently he often exaggerates, no doubt unintentionally, but rather outside the intention of the composer, the musical purpose of the songs of his choice. Still, he has a very fine organ, and, with some additional experience, one has little doubt that he will put himself definitely into the ranks of prominent and well-liked platform-singers.

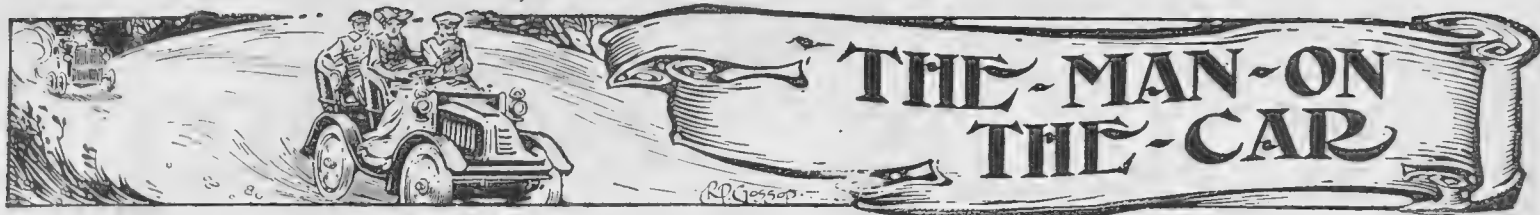
COMMON CHORD.

The Inspector of Music to the Board of Education is one of the most modest and unassuming of modern musicians. Though he is only just forty, he has published quite an imposing number of songs and important orchestral works. Mr. Somervell often sees his name spelt wrongly, but, as an actual fact, it is one well known in the Lake District. His father, who was an unusually tall man, had a beautiful place at Windermere, and a large family of sons and daughters, almost all notable for their height, of whom Mr. Arthur Somervell is the youngest. One of his brothers will be remembered as having taken a leading part against the annexation of Thirlmere by the Manchester Corporation for the purposes of a water-supply.



MR. ARTHUR SOMERVELL, INSPECTOR OF MUSIC TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Photograph by Beresford.



Improved Construction—Hill-climbing—Mr. Dugald Clerk's Paper—French Legislation.

THE attention of carriage-builders particularly is being directed by the requirements of their clients to the design and construction of motor-car bodies that are both comfortable and protective in bad weather, and, what is even more to the point, can be entered from the side-walk. Ladies are not fascinated by vehicles to gain access to which they are obliged to step into the road, which of late has seldom been in such a condition that this could be done without soiling footgear and dainty raiment. What is required is a door, similar to that of a brougham, by which the passenger can step straight into the protected and comfortable part of the vehicle. A carriage which seems to meet these requirements in a most satisfactory way has just been turned out by the Thornycrofts for Lady Gertrude Molyneux, and this car is, I understand, to go to India with its owner. The body, which is by Whitlock, of Kensington, is in natural, varnished wood, and, although somewhat heavy, looks, nevertheless, smart and convenient. This car is now being much used about town by Lady Molyneux and her friends.

Those who can recall the Automobile Trials held by the Scottish Automobile Club in connection with the Great Exhibition at Glasgow, will remember the concern then expressed at the inclusion of the terrible steep known as Whistlefield Hill in the Hill Trials. Very few of the motor-cars entered in the tests made a successful run up this rough, narrow, and tortuous ascent. The fact that we learn to-day that one of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts' little Oldsmobile cars climbed this hill a few days back, without difficulty, after a thirty-mile run from Glasgow, would point to the wonderful strides made in automobile construction since those days, if it did not further emphasise the marvellous hill-scaling powers of the £150 Oldsmobile.

A most elaborate paper was lately read by Mr. Dugald Clerk on the governing of gas and petrol engines, the learned expert making reference to many methods by which this very desirable control could be approximately attained. Now the governor of a motor is one of the few parts the comprehension and adjustment of which present more difficulty than anything else to the novice. He is bewildered by the tangled arrangement of weights and sleeves, levers and springs, and always feels more or less in awe of the whole thing. Moreover,

the governing is always the very first thing that the self-esteemed expert friend selects to criticise. He is told that his governor is hunting, that it cuts-out too soon or not soon enough, and is generally very much harassed thereby. Consequently, I was rather surprised not to hear Mr. Clerk make some reference to a method now adopted in connection with the later Clement cars, in which the engine is governed without any governor at all. A throttle-valve is placed in the induction-pipe between the carburettor and the engine which is perforated, so that, when wholly closed, just sufficient gas can pass to keep the engine running very slowly when the car is standing still. The valve is kept closed by the pull of a spring, but can be opened to any desired extent by pressing down a throttle-pedal on the foot-board. This pedal and its attachments are connected to the clutch-pedal in such a manner that the moment the latter is depressed the throttle-pedal springs back to its zero position, and no racing whatever takes place while the clutch is out. This arrangement would probably fall far short of Mr. Clerk's notion of a perfect apparatus, but it is both simple and practical from the driver's point of view, in addition to being silent.

A report has been issued by the French Parliamentary Commission on Automobilmism, which, it will be remembered, was formed by the French Government to advise on the question of legislation and upon which many automobilists of the first standing in France were asked to sit. How reasonable and dignified do proceedings of this kind appear when we recall the painfully ludicrous scenes in our own House of Commons, when the present repressive and savage Anti-Motor Bill was swept through the House on a torrent of ignorance and prejudice such as one would have scarcely considered possible in the opening days of the enlightened twentieth century. The French report has been drawn up by M. Constant, the Deputy for the Seine, and it recommends that automobile speed in the open country, over roads which are not populous with traffic, should be limited to thirty-seven and a-fifth miles per hour, a very reasonable limitation. Passing through villages and settlements, speed should not exceed twelve and a-half miles per hour. The report goes on to hold that speed-tests on the road ought to be authorised, as they indubitably make for progress in manufacture, but that special licences should be issued to those competing, care being taken that the licensees are capable men.



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, WITH PRINCESS ENA AND PRINCE ALEXANDER, ON A TWENTY-TWO HORSE-POWER DAIMLER CAR

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cambridgeshire—Form—"Sweeps"—Futures—Fat Horses.

THE crowd to see the race for the Cambridgeshire was not a record one, yet Royalty was well represented and included His Majesty the King, who looked very well. There were twenty-seven runners for the big race, and at the last moment Lord Rossmore and Uninsured were withdrawn in favour of Hackler's Pride, who was at once pounced on by all the big backers as being a good thing. The horse brought off the coup all right, while Burses, a very unlucky horse, by-the-bye, was second, and Kilglass, who started a warm favourite, third. The winner is trained by Fallon at Netheravon, under the shade of Stonehenge, and once more we are reminded of the suitability of the Wiltshire Downs for training race-horses on. Hackler's Pride is owned by that good sportsman, Captain Forester, who last year sold Battle Abbey, the "show place" at Battle, near Hastings.

We see occasionally some puzzling form at racing. Yet history generally supplies the key. It will be remembered that last year the running of some horses was simply inexplicable. But the explanation came with the evidence given in the Goudie case. Race-horses, after all, are not machines. They have their good days and their bad ones. Even a Sceptre will not run twice alike if the conditions are not equal, but backers expect this sort of thing. What they do not like, however, is to see a horse starting a warm favourite and finish down the course one day, and come on again the next week and, starting at 100 to 8, win in a canter. True, the form has been more variable since we have used the starting-gate. Yet, taken on the whole, the racing has been much fairer. I think the Starter should keep a record of all starts, noting the names of horses getting off quickly and those horses that get badly off. This book ought to be at the service of all the handicappers.

I really think the attention of Scotland Yard should be drawn to the number of "sweeps," many of them bogus, which are run on horse-racing in England at the present time. Correspondents flood me with

True, there are one or two firms of high standing on the Continent who run genuine sweepstakes, but the mushroom "sweep"-merchants who have come into existence of late years ought, at least, to be compelled to act fairly by their clients. A correspondent who took the trouble to address some of the alleged prize-winners had the letters returned through the Dead Letter Office, as the "winners" could not be found.



HACKLER'S PRIDE (HACKLER—COMMA), WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.

The racing this week will be of the quiet order, and fields may not rule large until we get to Lingfield on Friday and Saturday. I am told Morgendale is a good thing for the Naseby Handicap at Northampton. A capital acceptance has been received for the Liverpool Cup, which is to be run on Friday week. Bachelor's Button is very likely to go close, and Grey Tick is not by any means out of the race, although it should not be overlooked that Torrent is in the race and may represent Taylor's stable. I think the prize should go to Happy Slave if fit and well on the day. I should declare right out for Likely Bird, but I am afraid the distance is a little too far for Mr. Sullivan's candidate. I should very much like to see Elba carry Earl Cadogan's

colours to victory in this race, but the filly seems to have gone right off since defeating Sceptre in the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster in 1902. I think the best advice to give backers about the Liverpool Cup is, "Wait until the day of the race, and then follow the favourite."

The jumping season has opened well, but I never remember to have seen so many fat horses running at the beginning of any National Hunt season in my time. Trainers evidently are waiting for the valuable prizes to be run for after the New Year, and it may be advisable to play the game lightly for a while. If owners of flat-racers could only be induced to run their sprinting platers in two-mile hurdle-races early in the jumping season, we should see some good sport. It is a fact that a five-furlong horse will get over hurdles easily at the first time of asking, and I have known animals win hurdle-races that had never been jumped previous to the day of the race.



NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING: THE START FOR THE ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.

letters and circulars they have received from different firms. If I am not misinformed, some of the parties running these "sweeps" have been in trouble with the authorities before, and surely it should be an easy matter to hunt them down. Many letters supposed to be sent from the Continent are, as a matter of fact, posted in London.

The Gatwick managers have decided not to have any race of less value than a hundred pounds under National Hunt Rules, and all the Park Meetings in the London district ought to follow suit. I am certain runners would be forthcoming if the prizes were big enough, at least, to pay expenses.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT picturesque and stately Sovereign, Queen Elena, made a tremendous impression on the receptive Republican imagination when in Paris the other day—so gracious her manners, so gorgeous her gowns, so sympathetic her whole attitude, said Jacques Bonhomme, who, however red-hot and Radical in his



[Copyright.]

A FASHIONABLE COAT OF BROWN MELTON CLOTH.

politics, cannot divorce his inmost soul from its old, inherited love of Imperialism. Certainly the young Queen played her part to the last smile, and in this offered a singular contrast to the no less charming Czarina, whose ice did not, however, thaw in the democratic atmosphere of a bourgeois Court.

Queen Elena has the gift of wearing beautiful clothes beautifully, and her appearance in a frock of blue-grey mousseline-velours, as this new material is called, had the effect of popularising it immediately, while her magnificent gown of pale-blue satin under gold gauze was a masterpiece of brilliant colouring. Talking of Paris and the current crazes and phases of frocks in that ever-delightful city, amongst many favourite forms of fashion ravelled silk ruchings take a prominent place, quaint reminiscences of 1830 modes being shown in the mauve, blue, amber, or white taffetas plentifully tricked out with ravelled silk ruchings to match. Silver and gold embroideries are also in the bill, and pale pastel shades in velvet are once more welcomed as showing off a stately figure to its utmost advantage.

For afternoon costumes no less than evening, velvet and its several first-cousins, such as panne, velours, mousseline, and so forth, are in well-established favour, and it is certain that no material so enhances handsome furs. A more perfect winter-costume could hardly be conceived, for instance, than a hat, muff, and large stole of sable backgrounded by brown velvet, or, similarly, an outfit of chinchilla against grey. It seems very much the fashion to supplement muff and coat with a toque to match of the same fur, and though the notion is rather a costly one, it is also indubitably becoming. At the Grafton Fur Company's in Bond Street, for example, fascinating fur hats

are shown to "go with" cape or stole of marten, mink, or sable, as the case may be, while their diversified shapes and models of the new flat muffs are enticing to the last degree.

Flounces and festoons of brown or grey mousseline are used to trim some visites and pelerines at the Grafton Fur Company's in a manner distinctly *chic* and enhancing to the sable or chinchilla they adorn. Another successful notion of theirs was shown in a gorgeous pelerine of the richest mink trimmed with narrow fringes of brown chenille. Again, a much-admired model showed a yoke and cravat of ermine, with shoulder-cape and stole of sable, while an extremely effective method of showing up to its best advantage the now ubiquitous moleskin consists in adding fringes of ermine tails, which relieve the sober grey with little touches of black and white.

It will be well worth remembering in this connection, moreover, that the Grafton Fur Company hold at the present time a unique collection of finest Russian sables, all of which were wisely bought before the present remarkable rise in prices. They are, therefore, in a position to quote exceptionally moderate prices, and it must be added that as furs, like diamonds and pearls, are steadily rising in price and value to keep pace with the yearly increasing demand, it is more or less an investment to purchase at the figures of the Grafton Fur Company at the present time.

The prejudice that at our perfervidly patriotic period of recent years obtained against the phrase "Made in Germany" has never been applied to or applicable in the case of "la belle France." However the international pulse throbbed, our individual appreciation of Madame Lutetia remained at normal temperature, and we have been well content to sit at her feet, metaphorically, in all that pertains to cuisine and chiffons and the rest. Experience having taught us, amongst other things, that the corsetière is a no less important factor than the couturière, we have now taken to importing the perfectly cut corset of the Frenchwoman across Channel, and at the newly opened rooms of the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street,



[Copyright.]

A COAT OF SEALSKIN EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD AND SILVER.

will be found every phase, fashion, and shape of "stays" that mind or matter can conceive or covet. The daintiest combinations of colour in silk and brocade, as well as plain shades in hard-wearing satin, are shown, and there is no possible variety of figure, from fragile Psyche to the most statuesque Juno, that is not catered for. The Corset Company's *spécialité* is, of course, the cut. On this, as every dress-maker will affirm, depends the whole effect of her "creations," so it is pleasant to know of one place at least where one cannot be other than satisfactorily corsetted and where the utmost attention and courtesy is extended to every individual customer.

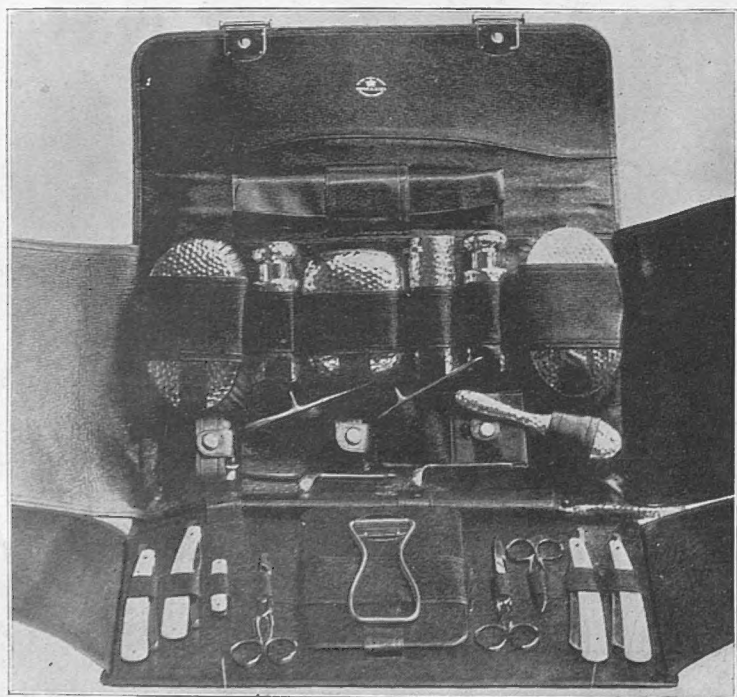
In these days of beauty-doctors and specially aided complexions, it must interest everybody to hear of a sovereign but equally simple solution of the great question, which, while demanding nothing beyond mere ablution, confers an absolutely perfect complexion on its true believers. "Icilma Water," first accidentally discovered from an old well nearly a thousand feet deep on the coast of Algiers, promises to reform the degenerate modern complexion. It contains salt, sulphur, and silica in a wonderfully perfect combination of Dame Nature's own mixing.

Rubbed into the skin, it penetrates, nourishes, and calls forth those delicate hues on the face which we generalise and sum up as the complexion. Soap and a cream impregnated with "Icilma" are obtainable as well at any chemist's, and it would indeed seem as if the steady and patient use of one—or preferably, both—should institute the millennium of fair women, and banish the sallowness, the dull-skinned, and the swarthy from our midst.

Many are the wiles and guiles of the modern advertiser, and, indeed, few now remain in this clamorous planet whose lights are hidden under bushels. Nor would one wish there were, seeing what many matters of import might lie hidden and *perdu* were they not blazoned on the house-tops. Messrs. Campbell, of Perth, the well-known dyers, have adopted an excellent method of refreshing the *Hausfrau's* memory of their manifold merits by issuing in London and the chief provincial towns lists of all principal entertainments for the forthcoming season. One can thereby see at a glance all promised diversions of opera, concert, hunt ball, and what not, while the list-cards are so neatly arranged that they fit into purse or card-case, and are, moreover, distributed gratis at all receiving-offices of the indispensable Campbell's.

Messrs. Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road, are indulging in the timely philanthropy of a clearance sale. China, glass, carpets, rugs, lamps, cutlery, silver and electro-plate, not to add furniture, are uniformly "reduced." Magic word, and frugal housewives will read with avidity of the bargains and sacrifices obtainable in this temple of the domesticities during present weeks. If the woman lives who does not love a sale—and she can be hardly human otherwise—even she might be converted to that sublunary relaxation by a visit to Oetzmann's at the present juncture, for there's nothing half so sweet in life (except love's extremely young dream) as a long succession of bargains.—SYBIL.

For His Highness the Khedive, Messrs. Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus, have just finished a very handsome dressing-case.



A DRESSING-CASE FOR THE KHEDIVE.

The outside is in finely polished hogshead, with a lining of rich royal-red morocco. The fittings, including the bottles, are all in hammered silver and bear the crown and monogram, both of which are finely inlaid in solid gold.

A NEW MAGAZINE FOR LADIES.

The *Boulevard*, although naturally devoting considerable space to subjects of exclusive interest to women, contains at the same time some good general articles. Among them may be mentioned "The

Ware of Sèvres," by Vicomte Renoult, prettily illustrated by some charming specimens of Sèvres china. Several pages headed, "In an Artist's Studio" are devoted to reproductions of Mrs. Earnshaw's work, and a very good Rembrandt plate of the Countess Grosvenor serves as preface to an article entitled "The Homes of Great Ladies." Fashion also is by no means neglected, and women with a taste for sport will be pleased to discover no less than two articles dealing with hunting and riding. The cover design, in dark green and silver, decorated with a bow of scarlet ribbon, is not a success, but the magazine is well printed on good paper and contains some eighty pages of excellent reading-matter and illustrations. The price is one shilling monthly.



MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS,
PLAYING IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "THE GIRL
FROM KAY'S."
Photograph by Sarony, New York.

"'Tis the plump grapes' immortal juice that does this happiness produce." Thus runs the quotation which heads the first page of "Sparkling Wines: Notes on their Production and Hints on their Selection." This neat little book, which is in its fifth edition, has been written for the famous Maison Ackerman-Laurance by M. Maurice Roger and gives an interesting account of the history and manufacture of the Sparkling Wines of Champagne and Saumur. The illustrations which accompany the text are exceedingly good, some of them dealing with the manufacture of the wines, others with various features of interest in one of the most delightful districts of "sunny France."

One of the most acceptable presents that could be offered to grown-ups or youngsters must surely be a graphophone, which in the long, dark evenings provides an endless fund of delight and amusement. The Columbia Phonograph Company, of 89, Great Eastern Street, E.C., have an enormous stock at all prices, from a few shillings to as many pounds, and supply materials and complete instructions enabling you to make your own records. In addition, they have, at great cost, secured a large number of Grand Opera records by the most famous singers of the day. The booklet containing the list of these is illustrated by photographs and contains short biographies of and facsimile letters from these great vocalists.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler have received reports from their correspondents in the various wine districts respecting this year's vintage which show that the production in the Douro district has been small and not more than half the average quantity of port-wine will result; indeed, everything points to an increase in price, especially of younger wines. Sherry has been made in fairly suitable weather and will probably prove to be of at least an average quality. The supply of Burgundy will be small, only about two-thirds of last year's yield; in consequence, old wines will be more in demand. The champagne will be of bad quality, thin and acid, and will not be suitable for the English market. Some good clarets may be expected, but the quantity will be very small. Of hock the quantity will be less than was originally anticipated, but there is every reason to expect a useful, medium-quality wine.

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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 10.

PAST AND PRESENT.

VAGUE talk of dearer money which has not very much substance in it, together with a scarcity of buyers, is responsible for the set-back in Consols and other high-class stocks. Perhaps, too, the Durban and Cape Town issues, showing that our market is not to be left in peace, so far as new issues are concerned, has had something to do with it, while bad railway traffics, a facer in the way of a Canadian Pacific statement, and a by no means joyful Goldfields report have extended the evil influences over nearly every market.

IN THE JUNGLE.

Prominence has again been given to the West African Market by the development of a new spoke in the Wassau wheel. Mr. Feldtmann's report at first produced a depressing effect, thanks to the very cautious terms in which it is couched and the apparent length of time which must elapse before dividends can be resumed. But a few of the bears took advantage of the dulness to cover part of their commitments, and there has been some recovery from the lowest levels touched. Manifestly, the West African gold-mining industry is still in its infancy, and the absence of the public from the market at the present time is due to the two-fold cause of waiting for production and caution induced by the collapse of the original and premature boom in Jungle properties. But a good deal of development work is proceeding as rapidly as the difficulties of climate and so forth will allow. The Ankobra Company, for instance, one of the flourishing babies of the powerfully-backed Taquah and Abosso Company, has a dredger already erected on its ground, and the progress of the operations will be watched with keen interest by everyone who takes any concern in the Jungle. Most of the West African shares are quite out of public favour, like their brothers in the Kaffir Circus. If the big board in the market that records the daily movements of the scores of shares should show even a dozen fluctuations in one day the fact is remarked upon as being unusual. Bibianis were once a favourite gamble, but recently a doubt has been raised as to whether the Company were not running short of money. We are, however, given to understand that the Bibiani's coffers contain ample funds for the prosecution of the work in hand. Now that the rainy season has passed, the various West African concerns should shortly be demonstrating whether they are really payable propositions or the reverse.

THE WATER COMPANIES' ARBITRATION.

We confess that, while we dislike the confiscatory proposals of the Water Board, the tactics of the Water Companies before the arbitrators do not inspire us with any great degree of confidence. It is all very well for the Board to offer a mere fraction of what it expects to pay, and for the Companies to ask a great deal more than they expect to get, but to call members of the Stock Exchange to say that thirty-four years' purchase is a proper price, when Bank of England stock is selling at thirty-two and a-half years' and the present price of the Water Companies' securities is about twenty-five years' purchase, appears to us a futile sort of game with men of the capacity of Sir Edward Fry and his colleagues, especially when, on cross-examination, the leading expert is obliged to confess that his thirty-four years is what he was asked to say and that is about all he knows. Lots of cases are lost by the witnesses who are called to support the losing side, and, if the Water Companies go on as they have begun, it looks as if this would be but another added to the list.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Half-a-crown fine to the first man introducing the fiscal question, and a shilling per offender afterwards," laid down The Broker.

The Banker smiled and said that the proposer would be the first to break his own rule.

"Remains to be seen," returned The Jobber, gaily. "Myself thinks we shall entangle The Man of Locomotives first."

"If you mean me," The Engineer retorted, "I—"

"Never mind, never mind," put in The Merchant, pacifically. "I have a conundrum for The Carriage."

"It's not 'why are Consols low?' or 'wherefore tarry the wheels of the boom in the Kaffir Circus?' is it? For heaven's sake, let us off those decaying queries!" implored The City Editor.

"You be quiet," The Jobber advised him. "Give the man a chance to formulate his conundrum."

"Thanks," remarked The Merchant, with ingratitude in his tone. "All I was going to ask was whether I could make any money by a spec. between now and Christmas-time."

So far, The Broker had kept still silence. But the temptation was too great, and, at the risk of touching upon fiscalities, he commenced, "Sell Consols and Yankees, buy Trunks, Kaffirs, and Argentine Rails, and steer clear of West Australians."

"I don't think much of your selections, Brokie," said his far-from-sugar-candied friend. "Surely, if Yankees go down, Trunks will do likewise?"

"And Argentine Rails have had a decent rise already," objected The Engineer.

"Do you think it's right to sell Consols?" The Banker asked.

"Can Kaffirs rise on this side of the New Year?" suggested The City Editor. "Look at the unsettlement in South Africa! Look at the ferment produced at home by politics! Look—"

"At the half-crown you've kindly got to hand over," interrupted The Jobber, with outstretched palm. "Thank you. Another two-and-six for the Hospital Shopping Fund."

"Sure you've all finished?" said The Broker, looking round. "Doesn't somebody else want to sit on me?"

"Walk up, gentlemen!" cried The Jobber. "Any more candidates for the lap of luxury?"

"Consols may decline a little before the end of the year," The Banker considered. "Dearer money—or apprehensions of dearer money—will probably exert their usual influence over the Consol Market about Christmas-time."

"But you don't think Consols worth selling for a spec., sir?"

"The price will, perhaps, go to 87½, but I do not anticipate any more serious fall."

"There's one of your tips knocked on the head, Brokie," and his House friend nodded as though to imply that the argument, coming from such a client, could not be controverted.

"I agree with our guide that Yankees will go down," The City Editor said.

"If it weren't for hammering at New York, crying up Home Rails, and balancing yourselves on the Kaffir fence, you newspaper folk would be pretty hard up for things to write about, it strikes me," and The Jobber hit himself on the chest to emphasise his words.

"Quite so," replied The City Editor, urbanely. "And don't you think we're pretty clever to ring so many changes upon so few themes?"

"Um, perhaps you are," replied the prosecutor, half-unwillingly. "But why d'you all go baldheaded for Yankees just now?"

"Because New York is in a precious bad way," and the City Editor picked up his friend's glove as if in token of accepting the challenge. "Read your *Sketch* carefully every week and you will see—"

"I always do read it," returned The Jobber. "Every line of it—except the City pages."

"Why not those?" asked The Merchant.

"Because I know more than the people who do the writing," was the prompt reply. "You do most of it, don't you?" and he turned to The City Editor.

"Never wrote a line for it in my life," and the other laughed with glee.

"Glad to hear it," said The Jobber, grimly. "I've hopes for you yet. Only you must promise not to curse the Kaffir Market."

"Poor little dear! Does he want protection for his Kaffir Cabbage-Patch!" and The Broker sniffed scornfully.

"Shilling, please, for talking politics," was his only encouragement.

"How about my Christmas speculation?" inquired The Merchant. "I can sell Consols for a short profit or go a bear of Yankees for a long one. No other suggestions?"

"Take short profits by buying Kaffirs when they're flat and selling them on any rise," advised The Broker. "East Rands, Gold Fields, Modders, and so forth."

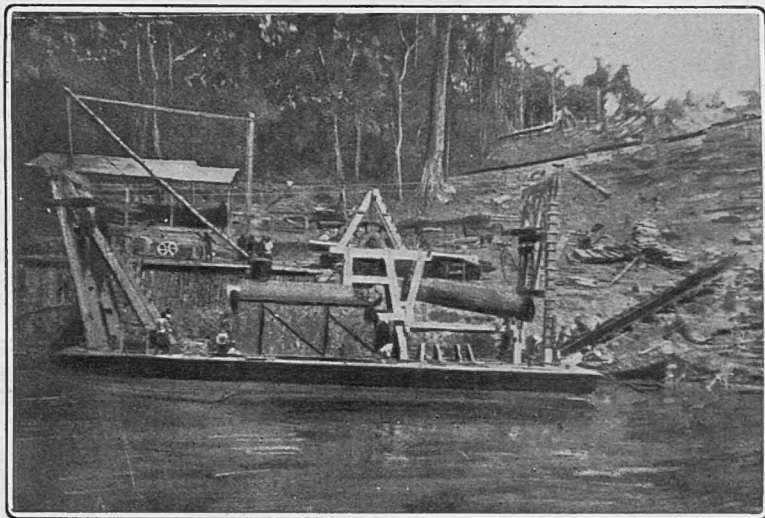
"We shan't see any real animation in Kaffirs on this side of Christmas," declared The Engineer, "whatever our friend over there says."

"To tell the truth, I'm afraid you are not far out," The Jobber assented. "But I shouldn't like to change into the Westralian Market, all the same."

"It's a dangerous place to be a bear in," meditated The Merchant, audibly. "Some of the things look awfully tempting to sell, though."

"The high-priced varieties do. But they pay goodish dividends."

"Dividends go for nothing in a bear raid. And if Westralians can live for a brace of accounts without being raided, I'm no true prophet."



DREDGER AT KOTOCHEREI, ANKOBRA RIVER, WEST AFRICA.

"On the contrary, you'll cut a loss," The Jobber flippantly remarked. "I think you might make a couple of ponies out of Rhodesia Explorations if you watch an opportunity for picking up two hundred cheaply."

"Or why not buy five Trunk Thirds if the price goes to about forty?" The City Editor advised.

"The Trunk position isn't sufficiently sound to make a bull operation worth while," objected The Merchant. "Here, the Company has, say, fifty thousand pounds increase in three months—"

"Not quite so much," corrected The Broker.

"Well, say fifty thousand. For the six months, at the same rate of increase, they will have a hundred thousand, and—"

"Hark at our lightning calculator!" The Jobber murmured.

"And it takes about £72,000 to pay 1 per cent. extra on the Third Preference, so that, at the outside, the stock can hardly get more than 2½ per cent. for the year."

"More likely to be 2 per cent.," was The Broker's estimate.

"Yes, but they're saving money out of revenue in consequence of the new issue of Guaranteed stock," The Engineer urged.

"Thirds are worth something between 50 and 60," declared The Broker. "And they'll go to it. Only you may have to wait a bit for your profit."

"Buy me a couple when they're dull, will you?" The Merchant asked, and The Broker booked the order on his cuff.

The Jobber looked on with painfully displayed envy. "Oh, Granary of Empire!" he moaned. "Dost thou raise a hostile wall against my beauteous Kaffirs?"

"That makes another shilling!" cried the triumphant City Editor. "Good-morning!"

THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" REPORT.

We have so persistently recommended the 5 per cent. Preference shares of this Company that no apology is needed for referring to the report just issued. During the year ending Sept. 30 last the profits have risen to £26,615, or £1338 more than those of the preceding twelve months, which in their turn showed an improvement. To pay the full dividend on the Preference shares takes £8750 a-year, so that the Company has in the last twelve months earned more than three times the sum required for this purpose, while it is an open secret that the separate earnings of either the *Lady's Pictorial* or the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (the two papers owned by the Company) are more than sufficient to secure the Preference shareholders. That the £5 shares should stand at 4 to 4½ cum-div., yielding a return of over 5½ per cent. to the investor, is

one of those things which can only be explained by the stagnant state of the Stock Exchange; and, for persons who want a good rate of interest with reasonable security, we know of no better opportunity to satisfy their requirements.

Saturday, Oct. 31, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. C.—Is it too much trouble to read the Note always put at the head of this Correspondence Column and act upon it? What on earth have subjects for Christmas Numbers to do with questions and answers on financial subjects? We have handed the letter over to the Editor, but it is more than you deserve.

J. S.—Your letter has been answered.

TYRO.—The name of the brokers has been sent to you. If you deal with the outsiders you name you will lose your money. The idea of saving brokerage is very foolish. Do you imagine these people carry on their business for philanthropic motives? If they don't charge brokerage, they get it out of you in some other and more objectionable way. If we knew "a good safe thing to buy to appreciate," &c., we should not make a living by writing for the Press. Try B. A. and Rosario or B. A. and Pacific Ordinary stock.

E. R. T.—Have nothing to do with the Bank. It has an evil notoriety of which we should have thought you must have heard.

CLAPTON.—See Note on the *Lady's Pictorial* report. The shares seem exactly what you require.

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